

The

November

Leatherneck 20c

MAGAZINE OF THE MARINES



171st ANNIVERSARY

UNITED STATES MARINE CORPS

1775 November 1946

Kraft



HEADQUARTERS U. S. MARINE CORPS
WASHINGTON 25, D. C.

10 November 1946

From: Commandant of the Marine Corps.
To: All Marines, Their Families, and Their
Friends.

Subject: 171st Birthday of the U. S. Marine
Corps, Greetings on.

Reference: (a) Resolution of the Continental Con-
gress, dated 10 November, 1775.

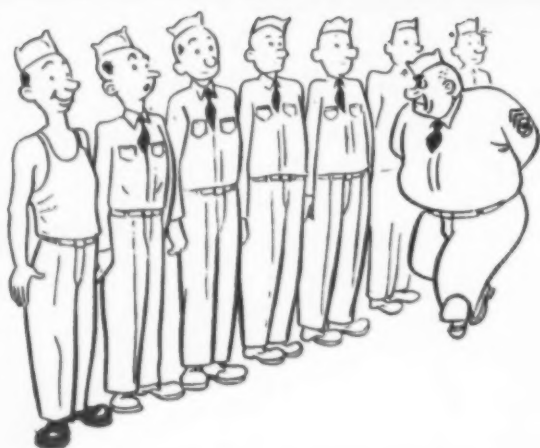
1. In accordance with the above reference, the U. S. Marine Corps will celebrate its 171st Anniversary of service to the nation on 10 November, 1946. On this occasion attention is directed to the outstanding manner in which Marines, by their untiring devotion to duty in protecting the peace during the past year, have enhanced the traditions the Corps has cherished throughout its history.

2. Friends and families of Marines are most cordially invited to share in the observance of this traditional ceremony. It was your loyal support and encouragement which sustained the members of the Corps during the bitter battles in the Pacific and through these trying times of world unrest.

3. To each of you, I extend my warmest personal greetings, as well as those of the Marine Corps. We look to each Marine, and to those associated with the Marines, for support in the coming year which will build new traditions and renew the "esprit de corps" which has distinguished our service since its inception.

A. A. VANDEGRIFT

1



"He figures the Sarge won't miss his shirt . . . he's got DYANSHINE on his shoes!"

LOSE YOUR SHIRT
IF YOU MUST,
BUT HANG ONTO YOUR

DYANSHINE

Liquid Shoe Polish

Some of the habits you pick up in the service will come in pretty handy all your life. Using Dyanshine Liquid Shoe Polish is one of them. In seconds Dyanshine adds color to scuffs and scratches . . . helps keep shoes soft and comfortable . . . gives a sparkling, hard shine that lasts for days. A scarcity of imported ingredients that give Dyanshine its extra quality means that the supply is limited . . . so you'll want to follow the directions on the bottle, which make it go farther.



IT'S TOPS AMONG PASTE SHOE POLISHES!



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Ask for Dyanshine Paste Shoe Polish, made by the makers of famous Liquid Dyanshine. Available in Military Brown, Cordovan, Russet Tan, Oxblood and Black—in convenient 4-oz. jars or new easy-to-open can.

SOUND OFF

Edited by Corp. Vernon Langille

GOOD CONDUCT MEDAL

Sirs:

. . . I would like to get some firsthand information concerning the Good Conduct Medal. Do ex-Marines rate the medal, providing their records of service are clean?

I enlisted September 4, 1942, and went overseas March 12, 1943, joining the First Marine Division. I came back Stateside and was discharged on points in November, 1945. My service record book shows good conduct throughout my Marine Corps career.

Manuel Montoya, Jr.
Los Angeles, Calif.

● According to Letter of Instruction No. 1183, dated 21 November 1945, anyone discharged prior to 10 December 1945, is not eligible for a Good Conduct Medal under the three-year system.—Ed.

MARINE SHOOTING RECORDS

Sirs:

In the February issue of *Leatherneck* (page eight, "Background to Beat The Banzai"), I read the record of MGySgt. Tom Jones whose 66 straight bulls-eyes at 1100 yards has never been equaled.

. . . My brother, recently discharged from the Navy, believes this to be either a mistake on the part of the magazine or a big fib. Other people doubt it too. As for myself, I would rather believe the magazine and history.

If possible, please answer this letter in a way that will prove to those particular people that the record is correct. I would appreciate it very much if you could also tell me what type of rifle was used.

James Georgantas
Louisville, Ky.

● MGySgt. Jones fired the 66 straight bulls from the 1100 on Monday, August 22, 1921, the fifth day of the Libbey Trophy Match held at the Sea Girth Interstate Tournament, N. J.

He used the 1903 Springfield rifle. In addition, Jones also holds the record for 300 yards with 132 straight bulls-eyes. During the same year, Marine shooters in other national championship matches set the following records:

MGySgt. C. A. Lloyd, 101 straight bulls at 600 yards; First Sergeant T. B. Crawley, 176 straight bulls, 800 yards; First Sergeant J. W. Adkins, 80 straight bulls, 900 yards, and 75 straight bulls at 1000 yards; Sergeant E. F. Holzhauer, 41 straight bulls, 1200 yards. These records have never been contested.—Ed.

HUP-2-3-4 MY EYE

Sirs:

I have been listening to the broadcast of a Marine Corps program in which Sergeant Major McDill and others did a very good job of selling young fellows on the idea of making a career of the Corps.

However, there is one criticism I just can't resist. Did you ever, anywhere, or do you know of any Marines that might know of a Marine who ever marched to a Hup 2-3-4? From Parris Island to Peleliu and back, the only place I ever heard it was at Northampton and Holyoke, Mass., at the Waves Midshipmen's schools. It just doesn't seem right to start a boy off on a fighting career with the U. S. Marine Corps with a Hup-2-3-4.

How about having that record changed to a good old PI cadence by some salty DI. Hup-2-3-4-My Eye!

Bill Mullen
Coral Gables, Fla.

● We have heard cadence counted in a number of ways—from the World War I "HAY FOOT STRAW FOOT" to the "AWN UP REEP FO' YER LEF" of PI and the "Hup-2-3-4" does not surprise us. The "singing" cadence of old time Marine DIs was one of the most colorful used by any marching troops in the world. Masters of it could be depended upon to produce a well-groomed and snappy parade ground platoon.—Ed.



LSU LAUDS LEATHERNECK

Sirs:

I want to tell you how we civilian WRs and ex-Marines appreciated and enjoyed the grand write-up about Louisiana State University. Many thanks to Corporal Bill Farrell and Sergeant Bob Smith for their excellent article and pictures about the Mardi Gras in the June issue.

We hope that the boys enjoyed the bit of southern hospitality and can visit our campus again some future date.

Alice Richardson
Little Rock, Ark.

● Bill Farrell, now with the New York Times, and Bob Smith, now with Popular Science Magazine, will appreciate those kind remarks.—Ed.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Sirs:

As a Marine, I always wrote to editors of *Leatherneck* for reliable information. I wonder if you would extend me the same courtesy, now that I am a civilian.

(1) How many calibers are there in an inch?

(2) How many millimeters in an inch?

(3) Were there any Presidential or Naval Unit Citations awarded for the battle of Iwo Jima?

(4) Is the forest green blouse to be obsolete after September, or will it continue to be issued along with the "Eisenhower" jacket?

(5) I was discharged from the Marine Corps December 3, 1945, as a PFC, with my warrant dated October 5, 1943. If I should re-enlist, would I receive my old rating with the same date of promotion?

Walter R. Breit
Arnold, Kan.

• (A) In the measurement of weapons, a caliber is equal to one inch. In small bore weapons, caliber is obtained by measuring between opposite lands. A .45 caliber rifle has an inside diameter of 45/100 of an inch. Ballistically, caliber is also used to express the diameter of a projectile. The most confused meaning of the term caliber is when used to express the length of a bore. This usage applies to the cannon class of weapons and to mortars. The length of a bore in calibers is found by dividing the length of the bore of a gun from breechlock to muzzle by the diameter of its bore in inches. A gun with a bore 40 feet long and 12 inches (one foot) in diameter is said to be 40 calibers long.

(B) One inch equals 25.4 millimeters. For example, our 75 millimeter gun is a fraction over 2.96 inches.

(C) No Navy Unit Citations were given to units participating in the Iwo Jima campaign. Receiving Presidential Unit Citations were the following: Twenty-seventh and Twenty-eighth Marines reinforced, 5th Tank Battalion less C Company, 1st Battalion, Twenty-sixth Marines; B and C Companies, 5th Engineer Battalion; B and C Companies, 5th Medical Battalion; 2nd and 3rd Platoons, 5th Military Police Company; Detachments 5th JASCO, Detachments of 3rd Provisional Rocket Platoon, Forward Observers and Liaison Parties of the Thirteenth Marines and the 1st Section, 6th War Dog Platoon.

(D) The green blouse becomes obsolete in the United States as soon as new issue is made of the jacket-style uniform. The tentatively set date at the time of this writing was September 1.

(E) The last letter of instruction issued by Headquarters does not permit your re-enlistment in your former grade since you have been out of the service longer than the prescribed length of time.—Ed.

COMMISSION APPOINTMENTS

Sirs:

Could you ascertain through your channels of information whether any standards have been set for appointment as a commissioned officer in the Marine Corps Reserve?

My recollection is that during the war, candidates had to be graduates of accredited colleges, physically qualified and of good character. In view of the changed requirements for officers, it is probable that modifications have been made. I am interested in learning what policy Headquarters holds on the matter at this time.

Lieut. Lane C. Kendall, USMC
Kings Point, N. Y.

• Since demobilization commenced, no enlisted men or civilians have been assigned to any training that would lead to appointment in the commissioned ranks of the Marine Corps Reserve. The postwar and peacetime program for procurement and training of candidates for commission in the MCR is dependent upon legislation currently proposed, and upon future policy. When complete information concerning any Marine Corps officer candidate program is available, it will be given wide publicity. It is suggested that at that time you make further inquiry at Marine Corps Headquarters.—Ed.

READER SEEKS OLD COPIES

Sirs:

Does anyone have an extra copy of the following issues of *Leatherneck*:

January, June and August, 1942; July, October and November, 1943; January, May and August, 1944; January, March and May, 1945.

I need these back copies to complete a full four-years' collection which I wish to donate to the library of an orphaned boys' home.

Anthony Basso
246 McLean Avenue,
Highland Park 3, Mich.

• *Leatherneck* regrets it cannot contribute to such a worthy undertaking. Our bound files contain only one copy of each issue dating back to 1921. Perhaps some of our readers can help you.—Ed.

(continued on page 48)

COLGATE CLOSE-UPS

CLASSY LASSES on 3 hour **PASSES!**

GETTING A QUICK DATE QUICK IS EASY SINCE

DISCOVERED FAST, CLOSE, VELVETY SHAVES WITH **COLGATE BRUSHLESS!** THOSE SMOOTH, SLEEK MISSES LIKE MY SMOOTH-CHEEK KISSES!



TWINKLE, TWINKLE,

LITTLE SPAR!

SHE'S MINE, THANKS TO THE CLEAN, GOOD-LOOKING SHAVES I GET NOW WITH

COLGATE BRUSHLESS... ONE NO-BRUSH CREAM THAT DOESN'T DRY OUT, KEEPS TOUGH WHISKERS SOFT SO THEY'RE EASY TO SHAVE!



G.B. IS O.K. WITH G.B.'s



WE SEABEES THINK

COLGATE BRUSHLESS

IS TOPS! WILTS WIRY WHISKERS IN A FLASH, YET IT'S KIND TO TENDER, SUNBURNED SKIN.... IT'S A LIBERTY PASS TO SHAVING HEAVEN!

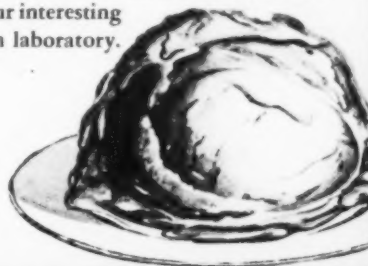
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It's a quality product, made from choicest milk, under exacting laboratory supervision that assures purity and richness. In Vanilla, Chocolate, and Maple flavors... packed in 4 1/4 lb. and 25 1/2 lb. tins.

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"PRISONER — HALT!"

At the order, you stop abruptly. Ahead are the glowering walls of the U. S. Naval Disciplinary Barracks at Portsmouth — as cold and grey as the lives of the men imprisoned inside. Six paces behind is your chaser and the ugly, sheathed snout of that .45 which has tailed you for 500 miles. You can feel it, rather than see it, and you're afraid to turn around. But you can't fight down an impulse to sneak one last look at the world outside. You twist your neck furtively and glimpse carefree Marines and sailors strolling out past the barbed wire gate.

"Man!" one of them is saying to his buddy, "Am I going to pitch a liberty tonight! How about coming along?"

Suddenly, with a sickening feeling, you realize that you won't be going on liberty for a long, long time.

The chaser has checked his weapon by now. "FaWAHT HOOah!" he commands.

You start marching forward, trying to drag your feet slyly. You want to stall as long as you can. You're nervous, scared and jittery about what life is going to be like inside.

That's how it feels to enter Portsmouth. We know — because we, too, wondered what it's like to be locked up. So, armed with a cameraman, notebook and special *Leatherneck* orders, we went to find out.

To our great interest, we discovered this prison is not the dread place that some misguided Marines may think. Although no pleasure palace, Portsmouth seeks to *improve* men, rather than to *punish* them. The enlightened command realizes that most of the 1750 sailors, Coast Guardsmen, Marines and Seabees confined at Portsmouth are not criminals in the usual sense of the word. Contrary to popular belief, there are no long-termers or "lifers"

there, for these men are transferred to civilian prisons, which are better staffed and equipped to handle them.

A few of the inmates, it's true, have committed so-called "civilian crimes," like robbery, embezzlement and immoral conduct, which would be punished in or out of the service. But the great majority are one-time offenders locked up on strictly military charges. According to the annual classification report for 1946, 87 per cent are confined for taking "French leave" in one form or another — 5.9 per cent were AOL; 7.8 per cent were AWOL; and nearly 74 per cent were outright deserters. Strangely enough, more volunteers than inductees are found in this over-the-hill group.

Rather than trying to break the prisoners' spirits, the Portsmouth staff is attempting to instill in these men a better spirit, outlook, and sense of responsibility than they had when they entered.

To discover how this is accomplished, we arranged with Colonel Nels H. Nelson, CO of the prison, to take step-by-step pictures of a prisoner's experiences from the day he enters Portsmouth until the time

he's released. Partly because it would take at least a year to follow a real prisoner through this process — and partly because identifiable pictures of inmates are prohibited — we used a volunteer model. He is good-looking, popular Sergeant Aden R. Armes, formerly a member of the Second Division and now a prison guard.

Armes explained a little about the brig in general before he started his "sentence." For one thing, he pointed out that the disciplinary barracks are not in Portsmouth at all — nor even in New Hampshire. Instead, they are located across the Piscataqua River near Kittery, Maine. To make matters even more confusing, this area was once part of Massachusetts.

Until recently the barracks were known as the Portsmouth Naval Prison. The common mistake of thinking the base is in New Hampshire may be attributed to the fact that the closest large town — the one that gives the base its name — is New Hampshire's Portsmouth.

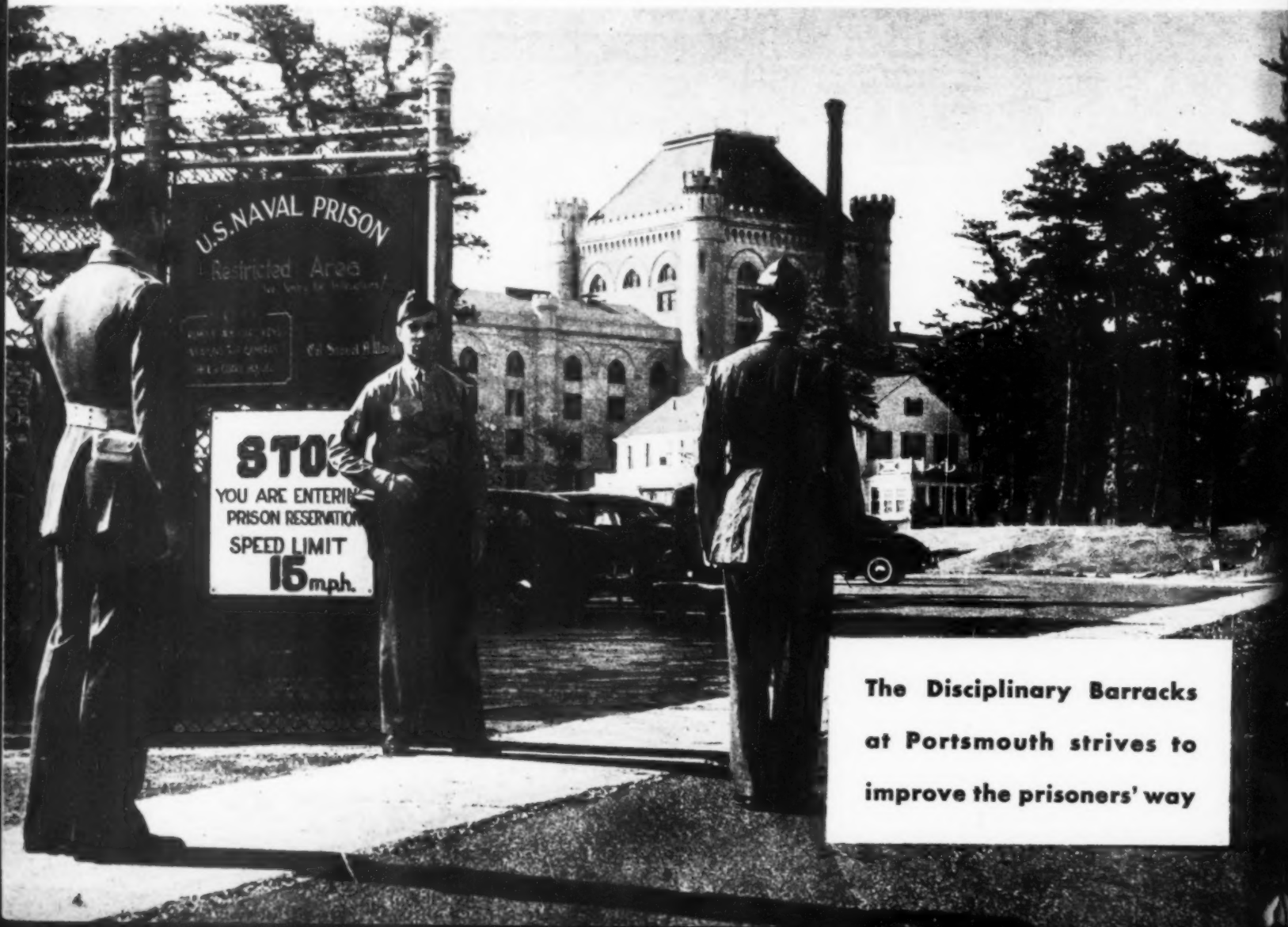
In addition to containing the prison, this base also boasts of one of the oldest Navy Yards in the country — a fact that calls for two separate Marine detachments with their own COs, quarters and duties. One detachment, composed of 150 men and quartered in quaint, commodious, 160-year-old barracks, performs the traditional gate duty which Marines pull at all Navy yards.

The other detachment, to which Armes is assigned, is concerned only with the prison proper. Barracked right in the brig, it provides 250 men to guard the cell blocks, lobby, grounds and also the forbidding fence that separates the prison from the rest of the Navy Yard.

EDITOR'S NOTE: Sergeant Aden R. Armes of West Frankfort, Ill., a guard at Portsmouth and a veteran of the Second Division, posed for these pictures. Sgt. Armes was used because of a ruling that faces of prisoners may not be used in published photographs.

As the prisoner is brought through the prison gate his chaser must leave all his firearms with the gate guard. Nothing but clubs can

be used inside the compound and buildings. Portsmouth, once called the U. S. Naval Prison, has been renamed the Disciplinary Barracks



The Disciplinary Barracks at Portsmouth strives to improve the prisoners' way

BEYOND THE

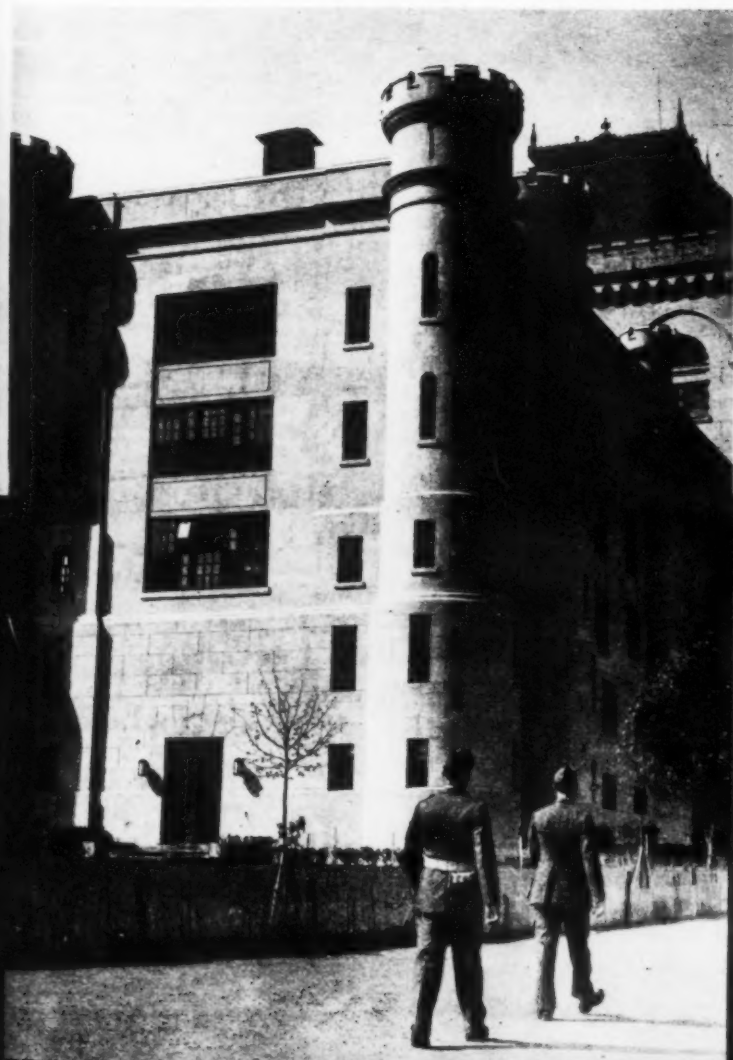
Courts Martial

by Sgt. Kirby Katz

Leatherneck Staff Writer

Photos by Louis Lowery

Leatherneck Photographic Director



The imposing structure, with its castle-like towers, chills every newcomer as he is brought to the prison offices for the checking-in



Sergeant Aden R. Armes of West Frankfort, Ill., a prison guard, posing as a prisoner for this story, faces the Officer of the Day

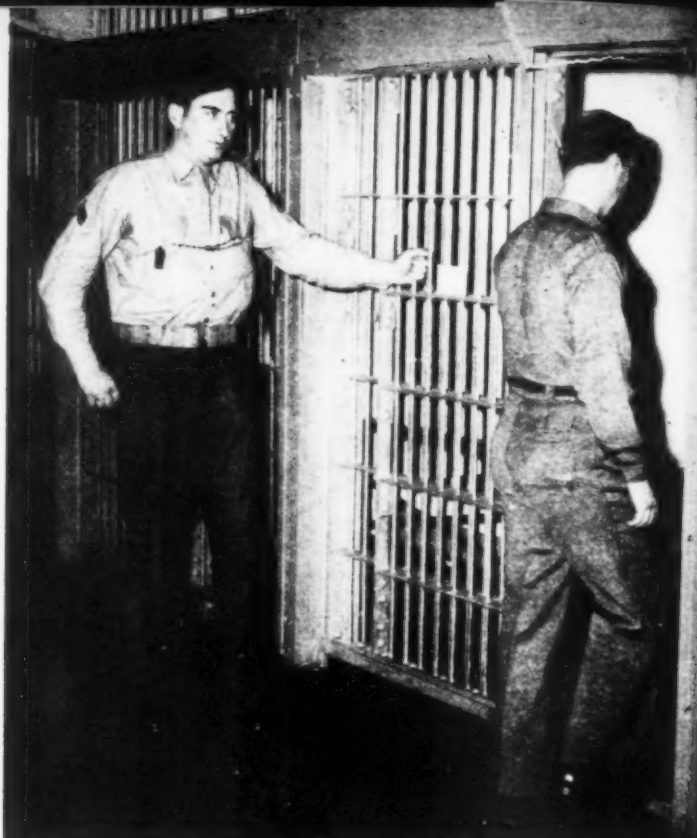


Sergeant Frank Pylkus takes possession of and carefully records all the personal effects of each new prisoner. Armes relinquishes his

TURN PAGE 5



Prisoners of Portsmouth are not permitted to wear their uniforms. Ames puts on the drab greys; the greens are being stored away.



A guard slides open the clanging door of a cell and the prisoner, now officially checked in, gets his first taste of grilled shadows.

Prisoners, all of whom were sentenced at general courts-martial, arrive at Portsmouth as buck privates or apprentice seamen, regardless of former rank. Stripes, emblems and other military insignia have been removed from their rumpled and unadorned greens, which look as though they had just been issued by the Quartermaster at PI. This is to impress upon the men that they have lost all military privileges.

All the way up to Portsmouth and while walking through the general Navy Yard area, the prisoners are tailed by a chaser with a loaded .45. The chaser checks his weapon upon reaching the gate around the prison area proper. Except in case of riot, only

clubs are carried inside the high-fenced perimeter, or "deadline," which is manned by Marines with carbines. Once past this heavily-fortified point, firearms become a hazard. They could be seized from overpowered guards in the event of attempted break. Moreover, they seem unnecessary, for present precautions appear to have effectively eliminated the chances of an escape. *In the entire history of Portsmouth Naval Prison, only a handful of prisoners have ever gotten past the prison fence. And every one of those has been captured and returned to confinement.*

Next the prisoner is herded into the huge prison lobby, where the OD questions him about the

length and nature of his sentence. Then all personal property including watches, keys and rings are recorded and placed in custody until the prisoner's release. If the prisoner has money on his person, it is also locked up. He may, however, draw up to \$3 a month from this sum for the purchase of toilet articles and cigarets.

When his jewelry and money have been locked up, the new arrival is marched to the receiving room, where his greens are labeled and stored away against his release. In their place, he is issued the drab prison "greys," socks and a special pair of boondockers painted with big black stripes to show they belong to an inmate. All incoming prisoners, whether they

Master Gunnery Sergeant William Ferrigno, the prison armorer, has the reputation of being the most popular man with both Portsmouth's

prisoners and guards. A 20-year man, he once was pictured in *Life Magazine* as the best-dressed Marine. He is very sharp with gun



are sailors, Coast Guardsmen, Marines or Seabees, wear this outfit.

Feeling self-conscious in his dismal new uniform, the prisoner is next marshaled in to the medics, where he is given a quick preliminary physical. This is to find out whether he has VD or any other communicable diseases which he could spread to other inmates.

The next step is to assign the man to a cell. Located in huge, forbidding cell blocks, these cubicles are five feet wide, ten feet long and eight feet high — just large enough to allow necessary elbow-room, but little else. Except for the heavily barred front, which may be opened only by remote control from the guards' station, all sides are walled to prevent contact with other inmates. Inside, the furnishings are limited to bare essentials: a bunk, a head, a washstand and a simple, open-shelved wooden cabinet for towels and toilet articles. It's like living in a bird cage.

All incoming prisoners are slapped into these cells for a "quarantine period" of 21 days. During this time, three important things are accomplished:

The medical staff has a chance to give arrivals a second physical — this time complete from head to toe. Diseases and ailments may thus be thoroughly studied and kept under control.

The psychiatrist and assignment officer have an opportunity to familiarize themselves with the new prisoner's personality, IQ and background.

The prisoner has time to become acclimated to his new surroundings and orientated to the rules of prison life.

As a start toward getting him squared away

No one has successfully
escaped from the custody
of the castellated walls
on the river Piscataqua



Armes is a sharp, pleasant, firm-mannered Marine who commands the respect of the most recalcitrant

Armes gets his work card. It will show his offense, sentence, work detail, classification



During quarantine, prisoners are assigned to cells to await completion of their processing



All prisoners must wear their identification numbers listing cell block and classification



The queer ink blot is being used to test imaginative powers of the prisoner in a psychiatric examination



BEYOND THE COURTS - MARTIAL (continued)



The type of prison work for which the prisoner is best suited is determined after an interview with the prison assignment officer



Prisoners get a monthly allowance of \$3 with which to buy their necessities. They may draw \$3 from their own funds in addition



For purposes of the story, Armes is given a job in the woodworking shop

while in quarantine, the prisoner is subjected to endless tests and screenings which eventually help to determine his prison status and the job to which he is assigned. First comes an interview with the post prison psychiatrist, a Navy lieutenant commander. Putting his jittery "guest" as much at ease as possible, the medical officer attempts to analyze the man's mental make-up through special tests and interviews.

Is the prisoner mentally deficient? Is he a chronic offender? Is he suffering from a strange mental complex? Are there skeletons in his family closet — like marital tension, financial distress or shattered home life?

Many of the prisoners, of course, try to blame their bad conduct on some kind of family trouble. Others claim that lack of education has hurt them. These alibis are checked carefully in an effort to understand each case, and the results are thoughtfully studied. A report made from such studies shows that only about 6 per cent of the inmates are divorced or separated; 44.3 per cent are single; and 49.3 per cent — or almost exactly half — are married. The average education of all prisoners comes to two years of high school, but one third have failed to attain even a grammar school diploma.

In addition to the thorough psychoanalysis, there is a heart-to-heart interview with patient, pleasant Navy Lieutenant E. R. East, who has had ten years' experience in Federal and State penitentiaries. Now serving as Assignment Officer, Lieut. East seeks to learn what prison work the inmate is best fitted to do.

"We always try," Lieut. East told us, "to give men jobs like those they had in civilian life. There are two sound reasons for doing so. First, we feel a man will be more efficient — and therefore more useful to us — in a job with which he's familiar. Secondly, we feel such assignments will help keep him in practice — ready to go right to work when he gets out. Since our principle purpose at Portsmouth is to refit men for useful lives, that's mighty important."

Upon completion of his quarantine period, the prisoner is assigned to the job for which he seems most suited. The number and variety of duties is almost endless and includes a large number of schools, where men may learn new trades or brush up on old ones. Inside the vast prison are wood-working, tailoring, upholstery, radio, movie and print shops, just to mention a few.

In the magnificently equipped print shop, for example, an experienced Navy chief teaches prisoners to use linotypes, flat-bed presses and other complicated machinery with professional precision. So skillful do these men become that they actually turn out their own newspaper, a slick, four-page weekly called *The Castle Courier*. Also working on this morale-boosting project are other inmates from the up-to-date photographic lab, who shoot, develop and print the pictures needed.

Such prison-polished skills pay off — not only in heightened morale, but in actual rehabilitation of prisoners. For instruction plays an important



Portsmouth prisoners are permitted 90 per cent of the normal food ration



Radios for naval hospitals the nation over are produced in the radio shop



A class one prisoner, pupil in the movie school, operating a projector



A good library is provided for those who like reading as a recreation. This is Sergeant Armes



A leading prisoner, similar to a Marine NCO, makes suits for men who are going out on a DD

Attempts are made to assign prisoners jobs they know well

part in the Portsmouth plan to refit men for useful civilian or service life. Proof of this system's success lies in the fact that prison-trained men often return to better details and higher rates than they had before entering Portsmouth.

One of the most inspiring cases of this type concerns a young Navy enlisted man. At Portsmouth, he was assigned to radio school, where he was given an opportunity to work with some of the latest equipment and soon received a fine technical background. When restored to active duty, he found that there was a great need for skilled radio men. Purely on the strength of his Portsmouth training, he was given a detail in communications. Before long his new skill, coupled with good behavior, earned him a rating as chief. *This was actually a higher rate than he held before being court-martialed. More important, it was a rate he might never have obtained without his specialized prison training.*

"Cases like that," explained Lieut. East, "make us feel that we're right in trying to inspire men, rather than beat them down."

In addition to the trade schools, there are also classes in which under-educated inmates can learn the three Rs. Many of these men have come from sections where educational facilities are inadequate; others have had their schooling interrupted by military service. For such men, there are courses in geography, basic arithmetic and other elementary subjects. Classes are taught by hand-picked fellow-prisoners who have earned jobs as instructors through good conduct and thorough mastery of the subjects they teach. We talked to one of these instructors, or teachers, whom we easily recognized by the "T" on his arm patch.

"This is a great system," he told us enthusiastically. "Gives a man a chance to make something of himself. Take my own case, for example. I joined the service before I was able to complete high school, but at Portsmouth, I have managed to earn a diploma."

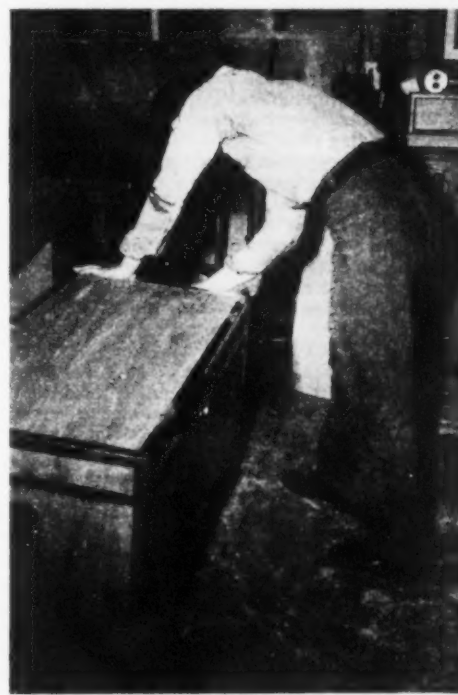
"Of course," he continued, "not all the men here realize the opportunity they have. There are some dope-offs, just like anywhere else. But you'd be surprised how many guys buckle down and try to improve themselves."

Not all the details to which a prisoner may be assigned are as interesting or easy as the various schools. There's plenty of hard work to be done — plenty of excavating, building and gardening. But these "blister details," in the main, fall to men whose prison conduct does not merit a softer spot.

Because there are a number of former officers confined in Portsmouth, we asked Lieut. East quite bluntly whether original rank had anything



Two men in the print shop check an edition of the Portsmouth paper, the Castle Courier



Products of the prison shops are well made. This sturdy chest is typical of such work

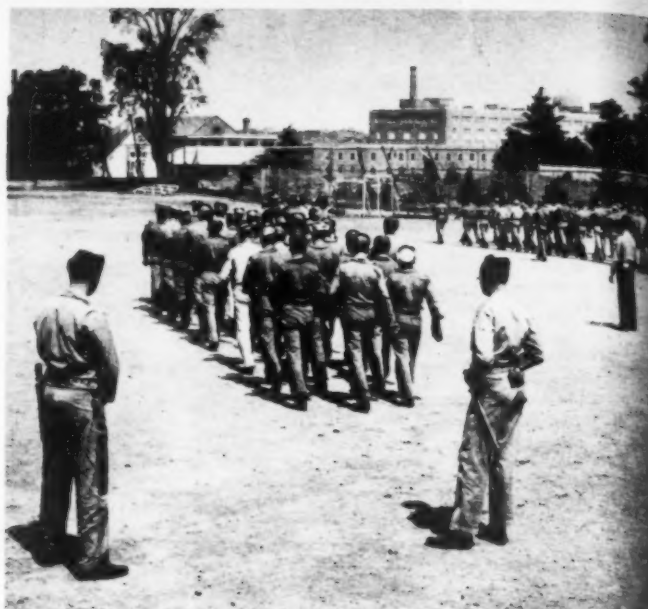


The chow line is like that at any Marine barracks. The painted stripes are used to help with morning formations

BEYOND THE COURTS - MARTIAL (continued)



In addition to calisthenics and close-order drill, prisoners are given plenty of other exercise through boxing, baseball, basketball



Contrary to some inexperienced opinion, close-order drill is good for morale and is used for that at Portsmouth

to do with the kind of detail men pulled at Portsmouth.

"Absolutely not!" he assured us emphatically. "All men hold equal rank and get equal breaks here. Why, hell, I personally put one former ensign to work pounding rocks!"

By the time a prisoner has "graduated" from quarantine and been assigned to a job, he is eligible to earn extra privileges, provided he behaves himself. Unless found during quarantine to be a very unruly customer, he is usually removed from his cramped cell and placed in a comfortable squad room which is exactly like the one used by Marine guards — then automatically promoted to second-class prisoner.

There are four types of prisoners in all, each distinguished by the number of privileges that goes with it. At the bottom of the list are the third class prisoners — the troublemakers. These men are identified by the fact that they wear a red work card. The red means: "Warning! Watch this man closely!" Third-class prisoners are kept in cells, are under close surveillance at all times, are allowed to write only one letter every two weeks, may only have visitors every eight weeks, and are not even per-

mitted to see movies or enjoy recreational facilities.

The second, or "middle" class, prisoners are just average inmates. They are allowed the freedom of a squad room, may write two letters a week and may enjoy movies and recreation once weekly. Their

A well-rounded agenda of work and physical training is provided

white work cards also signify that they may have visitors every four weeks.

First-class prisoners, identified by their blue work cards, are just what the name implies — first-class in conduct. As a reward for their good behavior, they are permitted to have biweekly visitors, to live in a

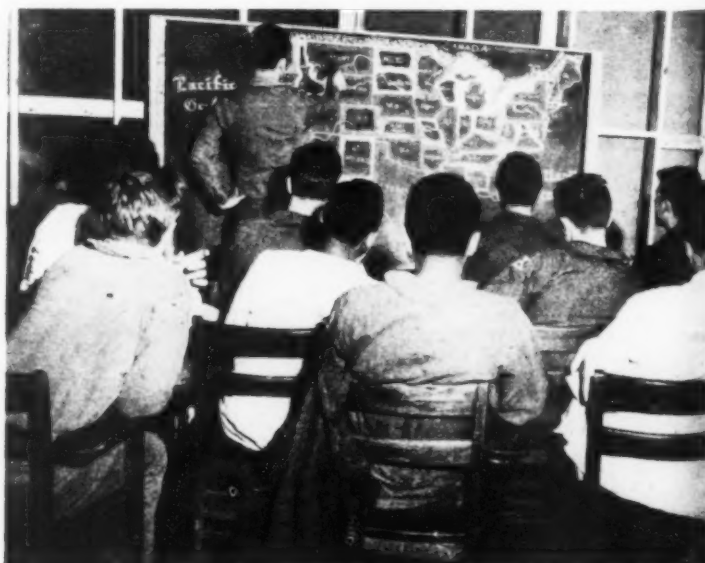
squad room, to write four letters and to see two movies a week. In addition they usually get responsible details. The men in charge of working parties, for one thing, are usually drawn from this group, and first-class prisoners may be assigned to jobs where there is relatively little surveillance.

The fourth and highest status a prisoner can attain is that of member of the Honor Company. This group is made up of first-class prisoners who have shown exceptionally good conduct, who are considered a good "escape risk" and who have seven months or less left on their sentence. The position as an honor company member is to an ordinary prisoner like that, say, of a staff NCO to a corporal. Honor company men pull the softest, least-guarded jobs — like serving as runners. They have their own squad room and wear special distinguishing uniforms in which white and blue Navy jumpers replace the customary grey prison blouse.

On this class gradient, the whole system of discipline is based. Instead of flogging or roughing-up men, as was done in the early days, men are punished by having their privileges taken away or rewarded by getting extra ones. Thus, a first-class prisoner may be reduced to second, or even third class, for getting out of line. This happened when we were at Portsmouth. During office hours one morning, a first class prisoner was found guilty of getting salty with a Marine guard. He was reduced to third-class prisoner for a punishment



By this time Sergeant Armes, in the role of prisoner, has risen to the honor company and can live in a squad room. He wears a jumper



In keeping with the prison's attempts to inspire prisoners with a desire for better things, emphasis is placed on a better education

period of 21 days. This is about as far as punishment goes these days at Portsmouth. There are no chain gangs, and no brutality is tolerated. Marines may only use their billy-clubs in case of riot or in self-defense. Even the old solitary cells have been abandoned, except for extreme cases.

During daylight hours when the prisoners are not working, they are subjected to a well-rounded physical and recreational program on the theory that "a sound mind in a sound body" is essential to good citizenship. If you were to walk over to the prison compound some day, you'd probably think you were on Parris Island. In the harsh light of mid-morning, hundreds of men would be seen marching in close order drill to the bark of cadence. Or, perhaps, they would be letting out one mass moan as they bent to their 30th push-up.

"The principle purpose of these drills is not to achieve the smart, snappy perfection of a line outfit," Marine Captain Jean M. Schroeder pointed out, as we watched the men march one morning. "Instead, our biggest interest is to keep the inmates tuned up — to brush off the physical and mental cobwebs that can come from sitting in prison."

In addition to this formal exercise, the inmates are given plenty of recreational opportunities. Several days a week, during the warm months, boisterous baseball games are held between prison teams. Outdoor basketball and boxing also help to keep up the men's spirits. And, when it's cold or wet outside, there is always the huge, well-stocked library or an occasional movie to cheer up the inmates after their work is secured.

The healthy effects of exercise and recreation are evident at chow call, when the prisoners pile into the messhall with appetites that would do credit to a 20-year gunny.

"They find food in there that compares favorably with any served in the Marine Corps," a guard told us, pointing toward the messhall.

Frankly, we didn't believe him and decided to see for ourselves. So the next day we planned a surprise visit. First, we wangled our way into the staff NCO mess, where we piled into some first-rate chow. Then we grabbed our camera and swooped down on the prisoners' mess without warning. To our surprise, we found the prisoners getting a 90 per cent ration of exactly the same chow we had just sampled in the staff NCO mess.

"All in all," remarked our photographer, who served on Admiral Halsey's flagship, "life in prison is something like sea duty. The chow is good, the quarters are comfortable, and there's plenty of recreation. The one hitch is lack of liberty."

If he behaves himself, the prisoner knows his sentence will be cut one-third — automatically. Thus a man sentenced to a six-year stretch can be sure of being released at the end of four years, provided he toes the mark.

In line with a new Navy trend toward leniency, the sentence may be slashed even more. Approximately six to eight months after men with military offenses have been locked up — or after non-military

offenders have served approximately a year — they are called before a special Clemency and Restoration Board. This board, composed of five Navy and Marine officers under the command of Col. Nelson, serves exactly the same purpose as a parole board in a civilian prison. It meets to review the men's cases, to consider their prior conduct, to examine new evidence and to weigh the possibility of recommending a reduction of sentences.

One typical case, taken at random, shows that J — A —, a Marine, had his sentence cut from eight to three years at the board's recommendation.

Sometimes this board suggests that all charges be withdrawn and a sentence revoked entirely. While we were at Portsmouth, a well-behaved inmate who had once been in charge of General Holcomb's personal mess was serving time for killing two servicemen. Recently uncovered evidence proved that he acted in self-defense. Because of this new evidence, the man has now been honorably restored to active duty.

Prisoners may retain civilian counsel at their own expense. This is costly, but sometimes worth it. Several months ago a Navy chief, who was serving a three-year sentence, employed a civilian lawyer to prove his innocence. The lawyer was successful. In terms of both back and future pay resulting from this verdict, the chief will now be several thousand dollars ahead — even after paying for legal services. And, of course, that doesn't even begin to take into account how much better off he is from a standpoint of reputation or personal freedom.

After these cases have been reviewed, the Board sends a recommendation to the Judge Advocate General's office for decision. This recommendation may request "no action," a reduction of sentence, or complete vindication.

On an average, it takes about 90 days for JAG to complete the decision and for the Portsmouth Board to alter the prisoner's record accordingly. One of the reasons for this delay is the fact that the Navy is now making every effort to review each case thoroughly with an eye toward leniency. Along these lines, a special board of civilian and military jurists called together by Secretary Forrestal has recently concluded a lengthy study, made for the express purpose of revising the present system of courts-martial, enlarging and specializing the legal staff and striving for greater leniency.

Even if a man's plea is turned down by the JAG office, he still has plenty of chance for clemency later. For his case is again reviewed every 90 days —



Finally, with an excellent prison record to stand on, Armes appears before the prison clemency board

or about four times a year — as long as he is in prison.

In addition to lightening sentences, the board also takes special action in cases of financial distress. Normally, a prisoner automatically forfeits his pay and draws only a special allowance of \$3.00 a month for toilet articles and other essentials. However, when it can be proved that dependents are suffering from this loss of income, the board may recommend to the Secretary of the Navy that dependents receive \$30 a month during the prisoner's confinement.

When his sentence has been completed, a prisoner may either be given a dishonorable discharge or restored to active duty, depending on his original sentence. If restored, he is given a brief furlough, then placed on one-year probation, during which he is offered every chance to prove himself reliable. The fact that he has served a term in Naval prison is known only by his CO, who is requested to consider the man's debt to society paid. Thus, the restored sailor, Coast Guardsman, Marine or Seabee can, by good conduct and general fitness, win promotion, success and respect. If he steps out of line, however, he is slapped right back into Portsmouth to finish the balance of his sentence.

Most of the parolees, knowing this, snap to and make good. It is a testimonial to the excellence of the Portsmouth program of rehabilitation that only 7 per cent of the men there are back for a second visit.

We were just in Portsmouth once — and then only as guests. But that was enough. **END**



Portsmouth, where a reputation for its security, depends on guards like this



The board of clemency acts in his favor, cuts down his sentence and sends him striding into the world outside

A new course through rocks and shoals

Official Navy Photos



Commander Chalmers E. Lones heads the Navy's new school of justice at Port Hueneme, Calif.

by Corp. Leonard Riblett
Leatherneck Staff Correspondent

SUBSTANTIALLY unchanged since the days of wooden ships and iron men are the time-honored articles for the government of the United States Navy, more commonly known to Marines as "Rocks and Shoals."

The articles, which were adopted in 1775, and last changed in 1862, have this objective:

"To preserve the rights and defend the liberties of those who enter the naval service."

But there is a higher purpose, that of maintaining discipline. The Marine Corps, by its very nature, requires a system of discipline that will not break down.

Now, however, 11 changes in the articles for the government of the Navy have been recommended in the Ballantine report on the Navy's administration of justice. This report, made at the request of the Secretary of the Navy, is the result of three years of study. It was made public in conjunction with dedication of the United States School of Naval Justice at Port Hueneme, Calif., on June 29, 1946.

At the school, the only institution of its kind in the nation, the Navy is pioneering a court-martial training system designed to give to the service "more justice and less law." It is a significant step in the improvement of Naval jurisprudence.

The new School of Justice and the Ballantine report's recommendations should have widespread effect on men of the United States Marine Corps. Navy Secretary James Forrestal has directed Rear Admiral O. S. Colclough, USN, Judge Advocate General of the Navy, to prepare legislation to modernize the basic laws for the government of the Navy and to authorize the Secretary to prescribe rules for court-martial procedure.

Most important of the revisions recommended in the Ballantine report concern courts-martial.

Under the Ballantine Board's report, the Judge Advocate would be divested of his duties as prosecutor. This task would be assigned to another officer, leaving the Judge Advocate free to act as legal adviser to the court, the accused and the prosecutor. This would insure fuller protection of the rights of the accused and provide a greater degree of legal efficiency in court-martial trials.

It is believed that the present structure of a general court-martial is too cumbersome. It is recommended that the present membership of 13 be reduced to nine.

The Board also recommends an increase in the powers of summary courts-martial because of a "gap in the punishment scale" between summary and general courts.

Several changes in the powers of summary courts-martial are suggested:

1. Increase of confinement from a maximum of two months to a maximum of six months.
2. Decrease of solitary confinement on bread and water from a period not to exceed 30 days to a period not to exceed 10 days; substitution of a full ration every third day for full rations every fifth or third day.
3. Limiting deprivation of liberty to 60 days.
4. Extra police duties and loss of pay, not to exceed three months, which may be adjudged in

Students learn basic concepts of justice at these informal discussion periods held daily



addition to any punishment, changed to confinement not exceeding three months and loss of pay not exceeding three months, which may be adjudged in addition to a bad conduct discharge.

The Board feels that these alterations will reduce the number of general courts.

The Ballantine report favors retention of deck courts and mast punishments, recommends revision and simplification of procedure through clear delegation to the Navy Secretary of full rule-making power, and feels that sentences should be announced upon completion of trial, rather than following approval by reviewing authorities.

To assure justice the report urges Boards of Review, which would be composed of at least one civilian with legal background, one naval lawyer and one or more general service officers "of mature judgment." Final approval would rest with the Secretary of the Navy.

The Ballantine report, upon which Secretary Forrestal based his request for recommendations, was made by the following:

The Honorable Arthur A. Ballantine, of New York, senior board member; Justice Matthew F. McGuire, of the District Court of the United States for the District of Columbia; Professor Noel T. Dowling, of Columbia University; Major General Thomas E. Watson, USMC; Rear Admiral George L. Russell, USN; Rear Admiral John E. Gingrich, USN; Rear Admiral George C. Dyer, USN; Captain Leon H. Moring, USCG; Lieutenant Commander Richard L. Tedrow, USNR; and Lieutenant John J. Finn, USNR.

In dedicating the School of Justice, Rear Admiral Colclough called attention to the unprecedented impact of military law on the United States during the war years. It is fitting, he pointed out, that this branch of law now is being subjected to public scrutiny. But, he stressed, this scrutiny is not restricted to the public, for military law and its

Navy's new school of justice is the only one in this country

instruments of enforcement, courts-martial, have been and are being subjected to close scrutiny within the Navy.

Before the war, when the Navy and Marine Corps strength was comprised of about 330,000 officers and men, courts-martial of all types averaged 625 a month. During the war, with the naval population exceeding 4,000,000, the monthly average was nearly 14,000, with a peak of 20,000. This put the courts-martial system to its severest test. It also made clear the system's weaknesses and deficiencies. That is why the Secretary of the Navy asked Arthur A. Ballantine to make the study, which already has resulted in numerous improvements and promises even more.

It is the Navy's determination that the court-martial system be fair and just, that officers should see that the rights of the accused are properly protected, and that fundamental guarantees are observed.

Maintenance of discipline is the purpose of military law, as distinguished from the purpose of criminal law, which is for the protection of society. And military law is an adaptation of American principles of justice to the exacting formula of military discipline. The Constitution recognizes this difference in basic problems. It is the purpose of the School of Justice to see that the individual's rights are protected and that morale and discipline are maintained. It will accomplish this through the training of officers and men.

The school will graduate 150 officers and 50 enlisted men every two months. Students there will become thoroughly familiar with the organic law of the Navy, the articles for the government of the Navy. Regulatory laws they will learn from the manual, "Naval Courts and Boards." The concept of fairness will be stressed in the school's textbook, "Naval Justice." Thus officers and enlisted men will obtain a working knowledge of the Navy's judiciary system which will better enable them to perform their duties. It is hoped that in time this training will permeate the entire naval establishment and

result in the following benefits to the naval service at large:

1. Not only will the officer who exercises command, benefit through his increased knowledge of the disciplinary rights, duties and responsibilities of a commanding officer, but all personnel within his command will benefit thereby.

2. The naval service as a whole will have increased confidence in its judiciary system and in the competency of the persons who administer it.

3. Each officer who completes the course will be instructed to pass on his knowledge throughout his command, thereby spreading the benefits he has obtained.

Courses at Hueneme call for 210 hours of instructions and practice, but an equal number of hours will be required for preparation. Studies include Introduction to Naval Law, evidence of disciplinary authority of commanding officers and related matters such as arrest and confinement, the shore patrol and its relations with civilian authorities, trial procedures and the functions of fact-finding bodies.

While classwork is heavy, much emphasis is placed on practical data: Experience in the conduct of courts-martial by means of practice courts. Trials are conducted on a set of hypothetical facts, and students take part in these trials by acting as members of the court, recorder, defense counsel, the accused or witnesses. Discussion and review by faculty and class follow.

The viewpoint of the enlisted man is definitely being reflected. One quarter of each class is composed of enlisted men, and of the eight instructors at the school, five came out of the ranks.

Plans are under way to increase many-fold the number of officer lawyers in the regular Navy. But at Hueneme it is realized that the real need is for an increased understanding by all hands of naval justice, including military law and court-martial procedure.

In the words of Vice Admiral J. B. Oldendorf, commandant of the Eleventh Naval District:

"The Navy is pioneering a courts-martial training system designed to give the service more justice and less law. We have acknowledged our needs and we are determined that courts-martial procedure shall be carried out by personnel more specifically trained for the duty."

END



Courts-martial procedure and naval law will be studied by both officers and enlisted men



Practice courts-martials are held to give students practical experience



The class looks on as a deck court-martial is enacted by four students



The roles of the court and attaches are enacted entirely by the students



Sgt. Henry Felsen
Leatherneck Staff Writer

THE other afternoon I was preparing to do a little research down at Joe's Literary and Liquids House, when the boss summoned me to his desk by pulling on the chain attached to the ring in my nose.

"Come, come, Gherkin," he said when I got there. "You can get off your knees. Now to work. You have been back in the States for ten minutes. What are you writing about?"

"A special assignment," I said. "It's a smash story about an alcoholic who drinks a bottle of insecticide and gets the DDTs. Then I'm doing a story of the wedding celebration I attended last night. It's called 'I Found the Lost Weekend.'"

"Sweep that trivia from your desk," the boss said. "I have another assignment for you. I want you to do a story on the burlesque show as it looks to a man just back from the Pacific."

"This burlesque show," I said. "What type of entertainment is it? Is it an intellectual affair that appeals to the mind and stimulates thought?"

"That's what I want you to find out," he said. "It's a show where beautiful girls walk out on the stage and take off their clothes and dance."

"But sir," I said. "I couldn't do a good job. I'm a very poor dancer."

"You don't dance with them," the boss growled. "You sit in your seat and watch them."

"Won't I be uncomfortable?" I asked. "Strapped in one seat for a couple of hours?" A sudden thought came to me. "Oh sir," I said. "Please give the assignment to someone else. You know how Mrs. Gherkin feels about my stories. Gizma has given me definite instructions to keep away from naked ladies, even during business hours."

"Gherkin," the boss thundered, "this is a direct order. It is your Marine Corps duty to visit the girlie show and bring back a detailed account of the experience."

I drew myself as erect as possible in the squatting position.

"Sir," I said, "I cannot refuse this appeal to my patriotism. If you will kindly loosen the thumbscrew from my head, I will do my duty as I see it. May I take along these field glasses so I might see it more clearly?"

The boss unsnapped my chain and I was off to the girlie show. It was easy to find. I just followed the Marines on the street, and there I was. I stopped outside the theater to look at the photographs. I would like to describe what I saw, but then I would get in trouble. The only thing those pictures left to your imagination was the pronoun first person singular, auxiliary, verb, infinitive and object.

Well, I would have stayed out there longer, looking at the pictures of the girls, but people kept stepping on my tongue.

"Oh oh," I thought. "If these are the pictures, what must the little females be like once we see them in the cosy intimacy of the theater."

I hastened to the ticket window and seriously con-

sidered asking permission to rent one of the seats by the year. Since I am a little nearsighted, I thought it only fair to sit close to the stage.

"Excuse me, Miss," I said to the girl at the window. "Do you have anything up in the front?"

"Fresh!" she said, slapping me in the face.

"I would like a ticket," I explained. "First row center. I'm here for *The Leatherneck Magazine*."

"I'm sorry," she said, "but I don't have a copy. I'd like to ask about my subscription. Three years ago..."

I tipped my hat — the usual 10 per cent — and went in. At this point I want to give you a little warning. The price of admission to a girlie show is just a kind of down payment. The installments fall due about every ten minutes. When they talk about tripping in a burlesque house, they mean the customers.

The first stop was to check my hat and coat. Since I don't like checked clothes, I put up a struggle and kept yelling for a solid color. I finally settled for a conservative black and blue with lacerations to match. It didn't take long. Two men held me while a third undressed me and charged a quarter to watch my clothes and a dollar for valet services. In a way, this man helped me be so well-dressed as I am. I chose the color of the suit I was wearing and he picked the pockets.

I went through some doors and was halted again. A man searched me for weapons and confiscated several loaded dice I always carry for self-defense.

The next stop was for a routine medical exam and a trip to the QM. I was given a brief lecture on rotation which was demonstrated by a girl with roller bearings in her hips. Then I was declared eligible to enter the main part of the theater and view the show.

The gay afternoon began when a man came out and addressed us in a confidential tone.

"Now men, we have a great little show here for you. It's the kind of entertainment that men enjoy. We have a few minutes before the ha-ha girls get into their ahem costumes, and while we're waiting for the show to start I want to make a little offer to you that won't cost you a cent. Men, this afternoon, as a special feature, the management of this theater, in cooperation with one of the biggest candy manufacturers in the country, is privileged to present you with a token of our appreciation of your patronage absolutely free. We are giving to each and every one of you a large delicious box of candy, or a large box of delicious candy, whichever you prefer. In each and every box of candy you will find a surprise. A gift. A gift we guarantee to be either an electric razor, silk stockings, a wrist-size alarm clock, a summer home in the Everglades or a genuine gold-plated isosceles trapezoid or some other article of equal value or use to ladies and gentlemen.

"Now men, when I say you will get this remarkable combination gift offer absolutely free, I don't mean it's going to cost a dollar or 50¢ or 10 yen or eight roubles and 20 francs. When I say absolutely free I mean absolutely free at the extremely low price of 25 cents. That's all you pay for this special combination gift offer. A large box with candy in it, and a gift that is guaranteed to be one of the articles I mentioned, if it isn't something else."

A couple of vendors walked up the aisles selling these boxes of candy to the suckers. I opened mine and found that I had won a genuine tweezer, guaranteed to pull any and all hairs, one or more at a time. I pulled some of mine for being so stupid to

Gunther Goes To a Girlie Show

buy the box. I thought to console myself with a few pieces of the candy. I unwrapped one. To give you an idea of how old that candy was, it was wrapped in wax papyrus.

I bit down on the confection and something broke. Assuming it was the candy, I chewed it and swallowed it before I discovered I had eaten a back tooth. The candy became wedged in the cavity, however, and is now my best steak grinder.

Presently, the commercial hour was over and the show began with an overture that I decided was "Orpheus in Hades," because the trumpeter kept hitting one hell of a note.

The overture was finished and the band struck up a new tune. Aha, I thought. Now for the fun. I leaned forward in my chair. The curtains parted, but nothing happened. Suddenly a man tapped me on the shoulder. "You'll have to lean back in your chair," he said. "Your nose is blocking the passage-way to the stage from the wings."

I leaned back. "Bring on the dancing girls," I called. "Let me see the ravishing female form in all its charm, grace, its smoothness . . . and roundness . . . and . . . its . . . its . . . OBBLEOB-
BLEOBLEOBLEOBLEOBLE!"

As though in answer to my call, the stage was suddenly filled with girls. Not that there were so many of them — it just didn't take many to fill the stage. To give you an idea of their size, one of the girls told me later that she used to work on a farm, but she was fired when the boss replaced her with a tractor.

The only part of the girls' anatomies left uncovered was their legs. This was undoubtedly due to the shortage of material. Nobody would want to show legs like those on purpose. I have seen more slender and shapely round white columns holding up old Grecian temples.

After two or three minutes of dancing, some of the older and heavier girls began to tire, and when they thought the customers weren't looking, they doped off on some of the more difficult exercises, such as the side-straddle-hop.

At the end of the dance, instead of applause and an encore, the stage manager ran out waving a swagger stick and bellowed, "For the benefit of the rear rank we will repeat the exercise!"

The next act was a featured strip teaser, announced as "Miss Vere de Schmere, Queen of Temptation." She ran from one side of the stage to the other, swirling long garments about her and looking like Lady Macbeth with a bee in her toga. I thought she was racing about in order to be more provocative, but I found out she did it to keep warm in the unheated theater. I interviewed her later in her dressing room and wishing to be polite, I complimented her on her performance and the excellence of her grinds and bumps.

"Bumps!" she snarled. "Them was goose pimples."

During her act, she unhooked her skirt after two or three minutes of cavorting, and faced the audience clad in a turtle-neck sweater and corduroy bloomers. Another round trip and she took those off, revealing a lovely pair of false eyelashes which hung down to her chin. She smiled coyly at the audience and called "More?" in a voice which obviously had been trained to call "Fiiisshhhhh!"

"More!" I yelled back in unison with the members of the orchestra who got paid for it.

To the sound of a muted trumpet and a muffled

drum, she stripped down to bathing trunks and top. With that she ran to the wings, turned to face us for a moment, and disappeared, waving her hand in a farewell that had all the enthusiasm of a PFC with three enlistments saluting a boot lieutenant on a dark street.

A couple of characters in old clothes came out and told a number of jokes that they had evidently found written on the walls of some old head. Taking advantage of the lull, I slipped backstage to interview some girls in their dressing rooms.

Well, I was pretty shocked at what I saw. You know how lovely some of those girls look when they are on the stage? It's all a fraud. They wear false hair, false eyelashes, false teeth . . . well, I could go right on down the line and disillusion you completely, but I won't.

I went into one dressing room and met a lovely girl. She was wearing a G-string and a brassiere made out of heavy spider webbing.

"Excuse me, Miss," I said. "I'm from *The Leatherneck*, and I'd like to ask you a few questions."

"The answer to all of them is no," she said, walking across the room.

My eyes followed her. That was last week. They still refuse to come back home and live with me.

"Do you mind if I get into something more comfortable?" she asked, sitting down on a straight chair.

"Thank you," she said, moving over to an easy

"I'm sorry," I said. "That ends the interview. All

this has to be written for the magazine. If you're going to say things like that, you're just wasting Marine Corps time. Good-bye."

"Good-bye," she said. "Well, time for me to dress for my act." She put on a ski suit and went out to do her stuff.

I went out front again and watched the show for a few more minutes. Once a girl stumbled, and I saw her ankle for a moment. "Oh boy," I thought. "Maybe it will get interesting now."

A policeman walked on the stage and warned the girls that any further indecent display would result in the show being closed. I left the theater while the girls were doing an Eskimo number in which they were all dressed in fur parkas. It was the most popular number in the show — for the girls, that is. It was the only time during the day they were warm. On real cold days they don't even think up dance routines. They just walk out in street clothes and shiver.

Outside, a character slid up to me and whispered, "Wanna buy some dirty girl pictures, bud?"

"No," I said severely. "I refuse to look at them. I only look at clean girl pictures. Do you have one of some girl stepping out of a bathtub?"

He didn't, so I somewhat reluctantly settled for one taking a shower.

Now you don't have to believe me about this. You can throw away 85 cents or a dollar when you come back from overseas and go to the girlie show. But believe me, the advertising outside is 20 times better than the show inside. In fact, you'll not only save money, but you'll see a better show if you wait until you get back to the farm when you can look at the stocking ads in the mail order catalogue. Ever since they closed Minskys, you can't beat Sears or Wards.

Well, it's only a few more days until I can wear dress blue denims and be Civilian Gherkin. Right now my windometer is indicating a 30 knot breeze outside. Lovely women will soon be flocking in the streets, and I'm a bird of a feather.

"Ojosan! Moshi moshi! Ding how! Talofa! HEY BABE!"

So long, guys.

END



The Reverend Sergeant

PHOTOS BY CORP. JACK SLOCKBOWER
Leatherneck Staff Photographer

by Sgt. Harry J. McDevitt, Jr.
USMC Correspondent



The plain, frame Oxon Hill Methodist Church where the Reverend Harpold tends his flock



The sergeant turns to on some paper work at his desk at Marine Corps Headquarters



In the pulpit Sergeant Harpold opens his hymnal as he prepares for evening service



"Glory to God . . ." The congregation joins the preacher in singing the Lord's praises



The Marine pastor receives the good wishes of a parishoner after one of his services

outside, and he again returned to the Corps, in 1928.

Then followed an uninterrupted 18 years at various posts in the United States. Throughout this period, Harpold carried his early "calling" in the back of his mind and, although he was unable to get any formal schooling in that line, he managed to keep a close affiliation with the Methodist Church, taking many seminary courses by mail. By 1942, Harpold was appointed a local preacher. This permitted him to hold services when invited or ordered by the Methodist Council of his area. By May of this year he had progressed so far as to warrant appointment to supply pastor, a position differing from that of ordained minister only in educational qualifications. A short time later he was assigned the Oxon Hill parish.

The Reverend Quartermaster Sergeant Harpold has no intention of giving up either of his jobs in the near future. His income from his parish is a mere pittance—probably too little to support himself and certainly entirely inadequate for his wife, his eight children, and himself. And since he now has a total of 22 years in the Corps, he believes he will stick it out for 30.

So it is that each Sunday morning and on several of the evenings during the week, a medium-sized, brown-haired Marine, dressed in khakis or greens, lectures to a small Methodist congregation in Oxon Hill. And persons working at Marine Corps Headquarters are constantly in a dither trying to make up their minds whether to call him "Sarge" or "Reverend."

END

At home, Sergeant Harpold, his wife and their eight children, sit by the fireplace



THE small unpretentious Oxon Hill (Md.) Methodist Church presents little of the unusual to the passer-by. It could be any of a thousand such houses of worship in any part of the country.

But while its frame sides and weather-beaten board roof are nothing if not ordinary, it houses a most unusual pastor. No austere, somberly-clad civilian minister is Pastor Harpold. He is none other than Quartermaster Sergeant William Cody Harpold of Headquarters, Marine Corps.

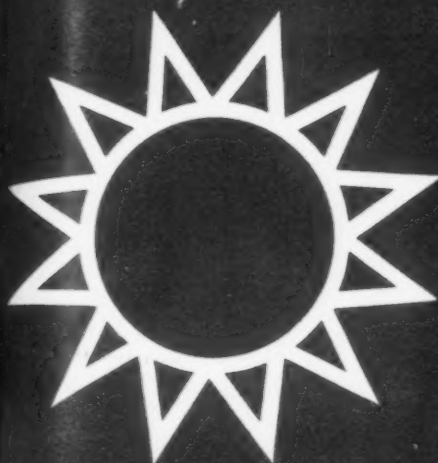
How, you might ask, could a Marine sergeant and the cleric of a church in Washington be one and the same person? How could he. . .

When 12-year-old Bill Harpold was baptized, he

was profoundly impressed. A naturally religious youth, he vowed that one day he would become minister.

Several years later young Harpold moved from his birthplace in Italy, Texas, to Arkansas, to embark on a farming career. But southwestern United States had lean days during that period. A kind of agricultural depression had cast its blight over the land. In looking over a newspaper a discouraged Harpold noticed that a Marine recruiting officer would pass through the section. That decided him. He enlisted.

That was in September, 1922. Three years later, upon the termination of his enlistment, Harpold thought he would again try the outside world. His desire for civilian life was well-sated by three years



AGAIN there is China duty for peacetime Marines and again there is Marine revelry in the liberty ports of Tsingtao, Tientsin and Peiping. But for those less fortunate thousands sweating out the monotony of the dismal boondocks on Shantung Peninsula, Peitaiho Beach and Chinwangtao, and the railroad lines from Tientsin to Chinwangtao and Peiping, China duty is a lonely, unsung job.

For these latter Marines, Radio China, USMC, is an entertaining morale builder designed to meet their individual needs and tastes. Four fully-equipped, all-Marine-manned Armed Forces radio stations provide them with news, music, information and the recreation of sports events.

Although the Armed Forces Radio Service has been carrying the mighty burden of supplying a steady stream of programs for military personnel since August, 1942, the idea of Marine-operated radio stations wasn't born until after the first Marines landed in China. Then a large-scale plan for setting up radio stations began to take form.

The Special Services Section, itself, was a new development in Corps TO, maturing only after the Japanese surrender. Yet, in spite of the tremendous task, beset with many obstacles, Special Services had four complete stations in operation exactly five months after the Sixth Division hit the beach at Tsingtao.

About the time the first atom bomb was dropped on Japan, Marines began thinking of the need for a North China radio circuit. As soon as it was determined that the Corps would do occupation and repatriation duty in China, assurance of full co-operation in funds and materials came from the top. Classification went to work immediately in both the First and Sixth Divisions. Personnel cards were sifted for every man who had ever done commercial radio work, and notations were made for future reference.

On Guam, Second Lieutenant Robert W. Peart, of Idaho Falls, Idaho, was summoned to a conference with the Sixth Division signal officer. Peart, with several years of radio experience behind him, eagerly accepted the challenge to build and operate a station as soon as the Sixth landed in China.

Concurrently and without knowledge of the Sixth Division activities, the First Division got busy with its own radio plans on Okinawa. Second Lieutenant Richard C. Ross, a former Spokane, Wash., radio-

man, was slated for the future production work.

Meanwhile, in III Corps Headquarters, Lieutenant Colonel John H. McMillan, Special Services officer, was preparing the groundwork for an organized circuit. As soon as the Corps landed in Tientsin there was a flurry of dispatches between Col. McMillan and the China Theatre headquarters in Shanghai. Since the Armed Forces Radio Service is a War Department function, it was necessary for the Marines to be assigned frequencies and call letters by the China Theatre radio officer.

Thus the North China Marine circuit became an important network affiliated with the armed forces radio system. All Marines, with the exception of those stationed at Peitaiho Beach and Chinwangtao, were to be covered with radio entertainment. At this early date it was not conceivable to build a station at Peitaiho because of the lack of radio receivers.

The War Department supplied three PB-50 outfits, consisting of small 50-watt transmitters, turntables, microphones and complete equipment for the operation of a radio station. Major Clark Andrews, China Theatre radio officer, personally escorted the three outfits by air from Shanghai, leaving one in Tsingtao and bringing the other two on to Tientsin.

The first week in November found the staff of radiomen at Tsingtao lashing themselves into a frenzy in an effort to comply with the request of the Sixth's commanding general, Major General Lemuel C. Shepherd, that the Sixth's station be on the air by 10 November, the Marine Corps birthday. Peart and his men worked day and night, solving almost inexhaustible problems and cleaning up a multitude of details. The building given over to house the station is a beautiful, modernistic, three-story home, formerly the pride of a wealthy Japanese doctor. No expense had been spared to make the structure attractive. The station's staff worked happily in its new home.

The ground floor was divided into an office, a large studio, the control room and a soundproof recording studio that also contained the short-wave receiver. On the second deck was another office, an audition studio, the kitchen and dining room for the staff and Lieut. Peart's quarters. The dining room opened out onto a roof garden. The third deck contained the quarters for the staff and a room for the transmitters.

The 6th Engineers soundproofed the studios, ripped through the walls, and erected the antennae.

Radio China

by Corp. Karl Schuon
Leatherneck Staff Writer

and
Lieut. Robert A. Aurthur
USMCR

Rain or shine, sleet
or snow, the Marine
stations are ready



High point of an XABU drama is reached. Left to right, participants are Platoon Sergeant V. F. Tate, Lieutenant Bernie Young, PFC Charles A. Henry and Lieutenant Robert Peart

RADIO CHINA (continued)

No red flash bulbs or sparkling mikes at Peitaiho Beach's XRAY. It's rough duty, as Lieutenant Jack Foley, above, can testify



Staff Sergeant Eddy Prendergast motions to Platoon Sergeant V. F. Tate to take over. Both are staff members of XABU



Staff Sergeant Jack H. Hutchinson, handling the controls at station XABU in Tsingtao, gets a laugh out of a joke he hears



Brigadier General L. R. Jones goes over his script with Major E. S. Maloney and staff members of station XONE, Peiping

Requesting money from the Recreation Committee, Lieutenant Colonel Frank McKindlass, Sixth Division Special Services officer, obtained \$1000 with which Lieut. Peart bought furniture, rugs, and kitchen equipment. A further grant of \$50 was provided for operating expenses. Lieut. Peart and his staff were ready to launch their first broadcast from the Tsingtao station, which had been assigned the call letters XABU, on 10 November 1945.

Material for the North China Marine circuit is supplied in the form of broadcast units including a library of transcribed programs made by the Armed Forces Radio Service. AFRS has been recording programs for the last four years for use on their 180 service stations throughout the world. At the beginning of the war the disc manufacturers considered their business to be in good shape, but it wasn't long before they began to take a beating at the hands of AFRS, which, having robbed them of some of their best technicians, next demanded 15,000 16-inch transcriptions per week. Production was stepped up and along with their civilian output they were producing and delivering to AFRS a total of 110,000 discs per month.

By arrangement with phonograph makers AFRS gets pressings of advance material. These include 20 of the best popular and serious musical numbers scheduled for release in the near future. The transcriptions arrive overseas in time to reach the

Marines at the time they are being offered for sale on the Stateside music counters, thus insuring overseas stations the latest in music.

Although directly under the War Department, AFRS has its headquarters in Hollywood, California. From there thousands of hours of radio entertainment are sent out to all parts of the world wherever there are uniformed Americans. When XABU first went on the air this service was sending out an average of 60 broadcasting hours per week in what was termed a "Weekly Unit." These programs, most of them taken directly from the air and the others, special original programs such as Command Performance, Jubilee and Johnnie Mercer's Music Shop, were transcribed on 16-inch, unbreakable, vinylete discs and sent to the various circuits.

Command Performance, the first AFRS program to be produced exclusively for the Armed Forces, was based on the idea of granting the wishes of servicemen and women for special performances of celebrities of stage, screen and radio. When a GI asks to hear Lana Turner sigh or for a violin duet by Jack Benny and Jascha Heifetz, this program obliges. Practically every famous name in show business has been on the show. Almost every minute of every hour of every day since the first broadcast of this program, some member of the American military has spent a few minutes writing a letter to one of the

most famous addresses in the world — Armed Forces Radio Service, Los Angeles, Calif. From these requests AFRS has produced the program that has built up one of the world's greatest radio audiences.

Aside from the new programs especially developed for servicemen, AFRS knew that the familiar commercial shows, to which the men had listened before entering the service, would be welcome entertainment. Sponsors, advertising agencies, talent scouts, unions, networks and copyright owners were contacted in an effort to bring them to the men and women overseas.

All of these people and organizations responded immediately and gave generously of their services, properties and influences so that members of the armed forces in the distant, lonely places of the earth might have the benefit of American radio.

A new standard in news coverage has been established by AFRS. Its Short-wave Section, operating every hour, on the hour, brings news from New York and San Francisco to any American soldier, sailor or Marine, wherever he may be. Along with the regular news this section covers special sports events such as baseball, directly from contest arenas. A re-creation of these events, sans commercial, is broadcast at intervals during a 24-hour period so that listeners in any time zone anywhere in the world, can avail themselves of this feature at a convenient listening time. AFRS also carries many

of the commercial radio shows for the benefit of ships at sea that are out of range of standard transmitters.

The sudden death of the late President Franklin D. Roosevelt was announced by AFRS three minutes and 15 seconds after the White House released the news, one minute and 45 seconds before any other news service transmission. AFRS is particularly proud of this famous "first."

Supplementing the weekly recorded units supplied by AFRS, Hollywood provided scripts of shows such as "Here's Me," "Odditorium," "Sports Digest," and "This Is The West"—programs familiar to every Marine who has been overseas.

As the time approached for XABU to go on the air panic seized Lieut. Peart and his staff, for they had no "Unit," nor did they have any other ready-made material for their initial broadcast. In Tientsin, the situation was even worse, because XBOR, a First Division station, was not only without material; it was also without an organized staff to run the station. There was naturally a great deal of anxiety, for Major General Dewitt Peck, commanding general of the First Division, was eager to get his station on the air as soon as possible, before the Marine Anniversary, preferably.

Lieutenant Colonel James Smith, division signal officer, finally rounded up a staff for XBOR. It was headed by Captain Richard A. Glaeser, the First Division communications officer. Glaeser's boys had entertained the First on Okinawa with the Gringo Broadcasting System, an involved public address tie-up. Glaeser and his staff set up shop in what had formerly been the Italian compound and XBOR was ready for operation on 10 November. However, in spite of the production genius of PFC Lucian Davis, who had once produced important civilian programs in Hollywood, XBOR, like XABU, was still hampered by lack of material.

It was then that Second Lieutenant Harold Azine, a former enlisted combat radio correspondent, arrived with six secondhand units that he had begged from the Army in Shanghai. Trained in the Armed Forces Radio School in Hollywood, he was the only Marine in all of China with the know-how and experience necessary for the operation of Armed Forces stations. Although eligible for discharge, he volunteered to come to China and aid in setting up the Marine circuit. In Shanghai he had picked up the old units, dropped two of them off at Tsingtao, and then gone on to Tientsin. Lieut. Azine was appointed III Corps radio officer and served as coordinator and advisor for the circuit.

Stations XABU and XBOR operated on a minimum schedule: 0700 to 0800, 1100 and 1300 and 1600 to 2200. Later, as the staff learned the routine and functioned more smoothly, operating hours were increased. More units were arriving from Shanghai and the afternoon hours were filled in. Then XABU began broadcasting a full morning.

The staff at XBOR wasn't sure of the advisability of a full morning program, because Marines in the vicinity were assumed to be working during those hours. But an air poll brought in 10,000 affirmative votes and in several days XBOR followed in the footsteps of XABU.

The Fifth Division's station, XONE in Peiping, went on the air 10 December, a month later than XABU and XBOR. On the night of 24 December,

Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek, accompanied by Madame Chiang and about a dozen Chinese generals, paid a visit to the little 10-by-15-foot XONE studio and spoke a Christmas message of welcome to the Marines in the Peiping area. Chiang's speech, given in Chinese, was translated.

With three stations in full operation, lonely Marines in the north began pleading for radio entertainment of their own. Lieutenant Colonel William R. Williams investigated the possibility of a station to be set up at Seventh Regiment headquarters, Peitaiho Beach. He had come from Guam with elements of the Third Division and in subsequent drafts had received several hundred radio receivers, solving the problem of radio reception at Peitaiho.

Again personnel cards were scanned in the hunt for an officer to operate the new station which had been assigned the call letters XRAY. Second Lieutenant John H. Foley, of Cleveland, Ohio, was selected for the position.

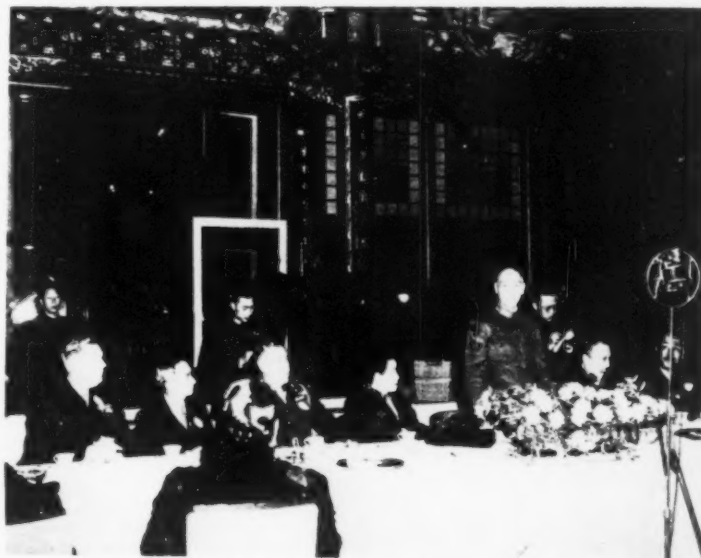
On about 1 March, Foley was loaded aboard an open freight car with over a ton of equipment, including his transmitter, five weekly units, a basic library of transcriptions, a presto recording unit and various other necessities for operation. Twenty hours later the gear and a somewhat frozen lieutenant were unloaded at Peitaiho Junction.

A concrete building, one of the adjacent units to the old Japanese hospital which served as Seventh Marines Headquarters, was given over to XRAY. The station itself was set up by a staff consisting of Lieut. Foley, a warrant officer and a corporal technician, in one week. Actually, XRAY went on the air on 10 February, and thereafter broadcast continually except for unscheduled stoppages when the generators would either freeze or run out of gasoline.

The technicians on all four of the stations have met with unusual circumstances, but whatever the conditions, they have managed to keep the air waves loaded with programs. The original transmitters were never meant to stand up under constant operation and breakdowns were frequent. In order to remain on the air the technicians were often required



Captain Richard A. Glaeser, manager of station XBOR, Voice of the First Division in North China, conducts his poetry program



Left of Chiang Kai-shek, as he speaks over Peiping's XONE, are Mme. Chiang, and Generals K. E. Rockey and L. R. Jones

to work night after night, sometimes until just before morning sign-on time. The thousands of listening Marines could not be aware of the emergencies being met behind the mikes.

News casting posed a tough question at times. In the Pacific it was usually an easy matter to rebroadcast directly from San Francisco. But in China it was soon discovered that the added distance and the land mass surrounding stations precluded any rebroadcasting from the short-wave band. This made it necessary for a staff member to constantly monitor the short-wave receiver in hope of being able to copy the news. Sometimes reception was good and programs could be taken right off the air.

With the North China radio circuit swinging into full operation, less trouble occurred to mar the daily routine. As time went on the stations assumed the polish of professional outfits. Lines were strung to Red Cross clubs to produce weekly frolics and quiz shows by remote control.

As the point system ate into the ranks of China Marines, the personnel problem became the biggest. With the future of the Marines in China an uncertain quantity, it was difficult to do much long-range planning. In the hope of consolidating the effort, Col. Williams managed to procure a 1000-watt transmitter from the Army in India. This powerhouse could be used to service most of the North China area, eliminating much duplication of effort.

With occupation settling down, the need for more production and more programs is steadily increasing. The Armed Forces Radio Service is a permanent part of the Army and Navy and present plans indicate that it will continue as long as there are occupation troops.

As fresh Marines move into the Far

East, they will be served with

AFRS-sponsored entertainment



SHADOW SILH

★ Written and illustrated by Corp. Karl Schuon of Leatherneck Staff

Only Friday, his guide, could
see the strange nemesis
that followed the silent map
maker into the jungle



★ SCHUON

Five hours before President Truman announced VJ-Day, a 32-year-old father named Karl Schuon was inducted into the Marine Corps. This proved a great break for *The Leather-*

neck, as demonstrated by "Shadow Silhouette," which he wrote and illustrated as a staff member.

Allentown, Pa., claims credit for this versatile writer, artist, textile designer and theatrical figure. Stage-struck Schuon has created sets, acted in, written or produced a score of top plays and worked on over 125 broadcasts. The day he received Uncle Sam's "Greetings," Karl was leasing a New York theater. The lease was cancelled, but he'll be back when civilian days roll around again.

THE day may come when we might have a better understanding of the forces at work around us, but until that day we can only view them with interest and the frank admission that they remain inexplicable. They say the jungle broods; perhaps it does; perhaps it broods over the many mysteries that lie buried deep in its swamps and rotting foliage — mysteries that lie buried with the men who made them.

Barker was a map maker. Any man in his outfit could tell you he was good, but that was about all they could tell you about him. Of course, they could tell you that he was tall, gaunt . . . and silent. He was friendly enough and there wasn't a man who disliked him; but he was just a guy who didn't do much talking.

When he did talk, it was usually to his native guide, on whom he had bestowed the name of "Friday," appropriate because of the Robinson Crusoe existence Barker led. It seemed to amuse him to talk seriously to Friday as if completely unaware that Friday understood practically none of it. The native would listen attentively, knit his brows to convey the idea that he was trying to understand, then smile broadly and vigorously bob his head, entirely pleased with his contribution to the one-sided conversation.

There was an oddness about Barker that no man could put his finger on, an intangible mood that seemed to envelope him like a cloud. No one knew where he had come from. No one really cared, but his very silence aroused their curiosity and more than once the men found themselves on the point of probing, but each in turn thought better of it and changed his mind when his eyes met Barker's. Barker was strange and that was that. Only Friday shared his time, conversation and comradeship.

It had been quite a while since Friday had joined him in this strictly solid, although silent, partnership, and all that Friday knew or could do, he owed to Barker. Friday was an expert with a rifle and Barker had taught him that, too. It was the one thing other than map making on which Barker had spent time and effort. He had followed the ritual of taking his rifle apart, cleaning and oiling it and putting it back together again. Day after day, he followed this same procedure, but except for this, there was never any indication that he was in the least bit interested in his firearm.

Then Friday came and things changed with an abruptness that surprised the whole camp. The very next day Barker brought out his rifle and he and Friday took off on a jaunt to the beach. There, he set up a crude target and began the slow process of instruction. His pupil seemed to enjoy it immensely and daily they'd make the same trip.

One day there was a game going on at the time Barker and Friday left for their rendezvous with the targets. The men were puzzled when Barker invited them to come along. Perhaps out of curiosity, or simply as a relief from boredom, they postponed their game to go along and watch. What they saw amazed them. Friday, who had never held a rifle until he met Barker, gave a miraculous demonstration of sheer skill and accuracy.

Barker stood quietly by until the last shot was fired; then he turned to the men and said simply: "My protégé."

Friday stepped over to Barker as he had always done in the past and handed the rifle to him. Barker took the rifle, looked at it, then handed it back to him and said, "Keep it. From now on it's

yours, to carry and to shoot." Friday understood, and that was the last time Barker was seen holding a rifle.

That's how it had been ever since. On all of Barker's map making trips into the jungle, there had been himself, Friday and the rifle. Friday cared for it, cleaned it and polished it until it shone.

Months went by and the men never lost their curiosity about the map-maker and his guide. Always there was the same peculiar setup — Friday's devotion to his master and his master's silence. There was something more than odd in the relation between the two men — a sort of spiritual understanding; at least, that's the way the other men figured it out. They couldn't say it in so many words, but that was what they were trying to say.



HOUETTE



Barker was thinking about something far away . . .

Maybe they were right. It was hard to determine.

It had been a gloomy day and now at dusk the sky gave every promise of a cloudy night. Barker and Friday were packing their gear for another jaunt.

"Shovin' off, sarge?" asked one of the men sitting near-by, whittling a stick; it was a friendly question, the kind that always brought a friendly answer.

"Before very long," replied Barker.

"You sure bring back accurate maps," said the whittler and he moved over to where the two men were working.

"Thanks," said Barker, and that was all; he went on with his packing. Friday said nothing. The man stood there a moment, contemplating the situation. It had happened so often before, and dammit, here it was again . . . that same ominous silence. Why was the map maker so obstinate? In the next moment, the whittler decided Barker was just a hard guy to talk to, and moved away from the spot.

Barker and his guide took off. They traveled in a direct line to the east, keeping well under cover, because, contrary to weather forecasts, there was a moon. Barker had checked carefully and by all indications, it should have been a cloudy sky; but somewhere along the line the forecasts had been fouled-up, leaving Barker to curse the whiteness which bathed the ridges surrounding them. They crossed a draw cautiously and crept down to what had apparently been a long wall. Long since forgotten, it was now crumbling to jagged fragments, victim of the elements.

They rested a moment and Barker glanced around at the almost obscure terrain.

"Might as well take it easy for a few minutes," observed Barker, more to himself than to Friday. He started to remove his pack, Friday following his example.

"This is as good a place as any; have to make a few notes on some of the spots we've passed." He was fishing in his dungarees and eventually produced a note pad and a pencil.

"Get some rest while you can," he said. "We'll be shoving off soon enough."

"No sleep," said Friday.

"Why not?" asked Barker.

"Me watch," said Friday.

"All right, suit yourself," replied Barker, and he went to work with his pad and pencil.

IT WAS some time later that Barker looked up from his scribbling and noticed that the moon had shifted and was not directly before them. His interest in his notes had been intense and there had been no interruption; since he had begun, Friday had sat motionless before him.

Barker smiled and said, "You're a great guy, Friday. You know . . ." (Barker paused a moment.) "It's a funny thing, but you're good company, even if you don't talk a lot. . ."

"Me talk sometimes," replied the guide.

"Sure, but mostly you don't say anything . . . you just sit there and watch me . . . you know, when this war's over . . ."

Barker hesitated as if he were thinking about something far away. Whatever it was he was thinking he brushed from his mind and continued:

"When this war's over I'm going to miss you . . . sitting there in front of me . . . almost looking at me. . ."

"Almost?" Friday's tone was questioning.

"Almost . . . nearly . . . not quite . . . see?" explained Barker. "You always seem to be looking either to one side of me or the other . . . or in front of me or in back of me . . . why?"

Friday was looking at the wall to Barker's left, "I see shadow."

"Don't we all?" asked Barker.

"See two shadows," said Friday.

"Sure," said Barker, "yours and mine — two people, two shadows; get it?"

"No," insisted Friday, "two shadows you. Two people three shadows, see?"

"Eh?" Barker was interested.

"You . . . two shadows," stated Friday in an apologetic tone.

Barker still didn't get it, but patiently he kept trying. "Oh, sure, sometimes two lights, two shadows, but the same."

Friday was a little annoyed that his master couldn't understand, but he continued in an apologetic tone. "No, two shadows . . . you . . . different."

"Where?" asked Barker.

"One back of other," replied Friday.

"Hmmm . . . you see two shadows now?" asked Barker.

"Yes," replied Friday. "On wall . . . always in moonlight."

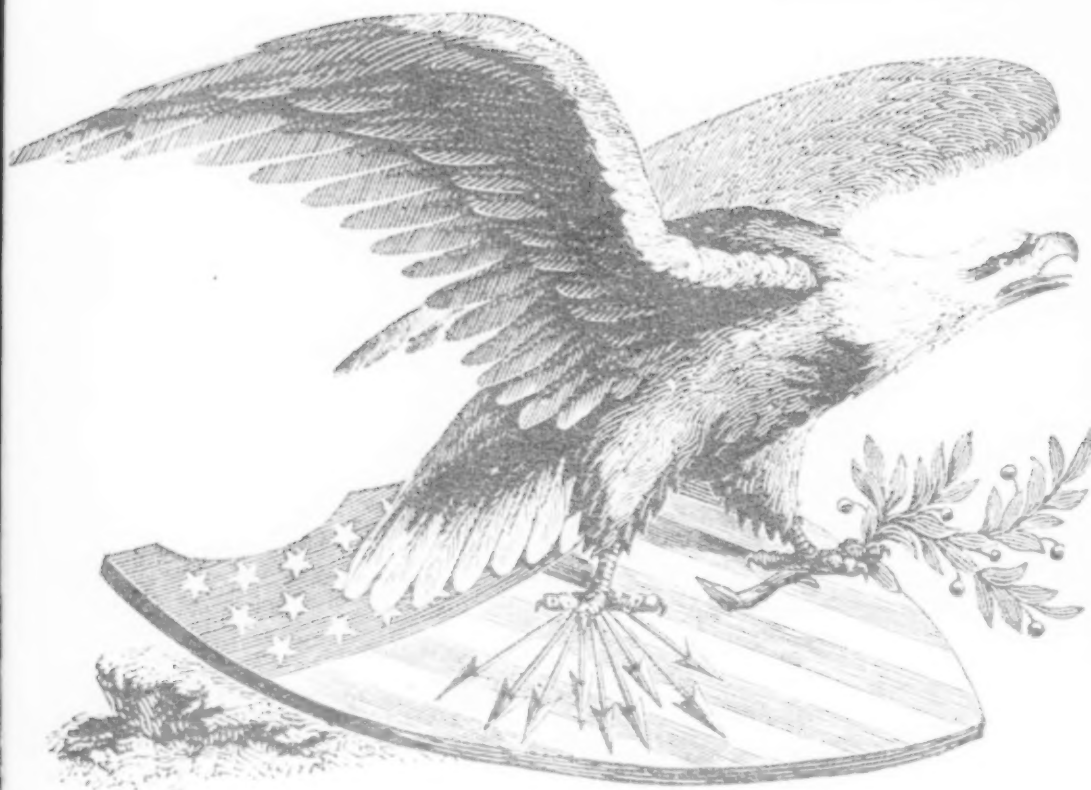
"Wait a minute." Barker was digging in his pack. "Here," he withdrew a tablet larger than the pad he had been using for his notes—"Take this," he said, as he tore out a sheet, "Hold it against the wall and with this pencil draw a line around the one that's different."

"No understand," Friday's face was a stupid blank.

"Like this," said Barker, and he took the paper and held it against the wall.

continued on page 46

T H E N E W



This Anniversary

to be marked by

100,000 regulars

ONE hundred and seventy-one years ago this month the New England colonies sired a new son. It was a lusty lad, born in the midst of strife and nurtured on the milk of freedom. His Revolutionary fathers, with premonitions that he would foster a corps of amphibious warriors, christened him Marine.

The protection of American lives and property both on land and sea — in peace and war — was his highest commission.

It was a turbulent childhood for the youngster. The struggling colonies were having a rugged time, battling for freedom. Military supplies and equipment were scarce. So scarce, in fact, that colonial leaders viewed with paramount importance several reports reaching their attention. These were to the effect that the British had concentrated large quantities of military stores in the Bahama Islands.

These all-important supplies would do much to augment an almost depleted American arsenal. A hasty and daring plan to capture these supplies from the British was soon formulated.

History records the subsequent action as one of the most successful naval operations — of this particular type — to be carried out during the Revolutionary War. The landing force of Marines and sailors met with crowning success at every turn. Defenders on the island were able to destroy only a few kegs of powder before the Americans captured all remaining supplies. It was one of the first engagements of the newly formed Marines.

Years have passed since that first operation — 171 hard years. Six major wars and hundreds of campaigns have become history. The interim contained few idle years.

Year 171 has more or less been under the shadow of the recently ended war. In many ways the important events of the past year have been overcast by more spectacular events of the four preceding years. They seem lusterless in comparison.

Yet, who can deny that it was not a year of importance?

This importance did not stem from any actions against the enemies of the United States. At least not in the form of physical conflict. No Tarawas, Iwo Jimas, or Okinawas added their streamers to battle standards of the Corps. There was only the inevitable aftermath of war. This was a period given over to demobilization, readjustments and occupational duties in the Pacific.

The past year differed from postwar years of other conflicts only in the magnitude of the problems, and, of course, in the more efficient way each one was handled.

To say that the Marine Corps learned a lesson about demobilization from experiences after World War I would be a mere statement of facts. That they profited from these experiences is now a foregone conclusion. This well-learned lesson was reflected during the past year when three fourths of the Corps was discharged — without any detriment to overseas commitments for occupational duties.

Apparently, at the end of World War I, the old idea that we had just fought a war to end all wars

by Sgt. Harry Polete
Leatherneck Staff Writer

W MARINE CORPS

was taken too literally. Returning warriors were discharged as fast as their papers could be signed, without regard for the efficiency of the Corps. This idea is amply demonstrated by an old story that used to make the rounds among Marines.

The gist of the story concerns an unidentified Marine officer who remained at his desk all night signing discharges, in order that all men eligible for discharge could leave the next morning. So many men were discharged in this fashion that it is supposed to have been a common sight, for a little while at least, to see sergeants major acting as sergeants of the guard, gunnery sergeants as corporals of the guard, with the remainder of the detachment walking post as privates of the guard. It was necessary to practically rebuild the Marine Corps, afterward.

After this war, it was different. When Japan surrendered there were approximately 485,000 Marines in the Corps. By January 4, 1946, some 190,853 of these had been discharged. This was more than two and a half times as many Marines as were in the entire Corps when the Armistice was signed in 1918. And the discharges had only started — but in an orderly fashion.

Month by month the demobilization program continued. It was rapid, yet always with an eye toward preventing a repetition of the condition in which the Corps found itself after World War I. By May 17, the over-all strength of the Corps had dwindled to a mere 185,000. Of this total, approximately 82,000 were Reserves and 30,000 were Selective Service. The remainder were regulars.

A few weeks later, on June 14, a further breakdown showed that there were 144,712 enlisted men, 10,723 male officers, 2294 enlisted women and 121 female officers still on duty. The total that had been

discharged to this date, according to Headquarters, Marine Corps, was 371,767. In breaking down this discharge figure it was revealed that since August 17, 1945, 328,600 enlisted men, 15,225 enlisted women, 27,287 male officers and 655 female officers had been separated from the Corps.

According to figures released for the week of August 17-23, 1946, one year after demobilization had begun, 428,936 men and women had been discharged from the Corps during that period. This left the Corps with an estimated strength of 121,820; a total which included 13,298 reservists and inductees still overseas. This group of Marines were returned to the United States and discharged as quickly as possible.

At this time some 500 Women Reservists still remained in the Corps. All were eligible for discharge, but were retained in the service upon their own request to aid in the demobilization program and other administrative duties of the Corps. Some 17,415 had already been discharged.

While some 400,000 Marines were sewing on ruptured ducks and looking around for civilian clothes, the Marine Corps was also busy along other lines — the recruiting program.

On December 1, 1945, the Corps had discontinued the practice of accepting Selective Service inductees. A short time later an intensive program to build up the number of regular Marines was initiated. The reserves and selective service men already in the Corps received first attention in the recruiting program. There were many advantages linked with service in the regular Marine Corps; all of these were pointed out. Thousands of men, aware of these benefits, shipped over as regulars.

It was just after the turn of the new year that the

recruiting program was given a new impetus. The fact that Congress was looking with favor on a bill to authorize a permanent strength of 100,000 men for the Corps furnished a big incentive. Throughout the United States, Marine recruiting personnel were soon engaged in one of the largest drives in history. The bill to increase the size of the Corps was passed in June by Congress and signed soon thereafter by the President. Prior to this the permanent authorized strength allowed the Marines had been 45,400.

The results of this drive were soon evident. In January, 4721 men enlisted or re-enlisted for regular service. In February the drive began to gain momentum and 5222 men joined the regulars. The number continued to increase during March when 5728 signed on the dotted line. In April and May there were slight drops to approximately 4500 each month. However, during June the recruiters again did a booming business when they signed 8616 for the month.

July and August contributed 16,158 more signing for service with the Regular Marine Corps. This brought the total enlistments and re-enlistments from January 24, through August 24 to 49,860. Factually the number of regulars was approaching the authorized strength for the whole Corps.

For all practical purposes, demobilization will have been completed by the time Marines celebrate their 171st birthday. But the story cannot be completed without a mention of the four Marine divisions that were victims of the demobilization, not counting numerous smaller units that attained fame during the Pacific War.

The first to feel the effects of this demobilization program was the Fourth Division. By November 28, 1945, it had been completely disbanded at Maui,



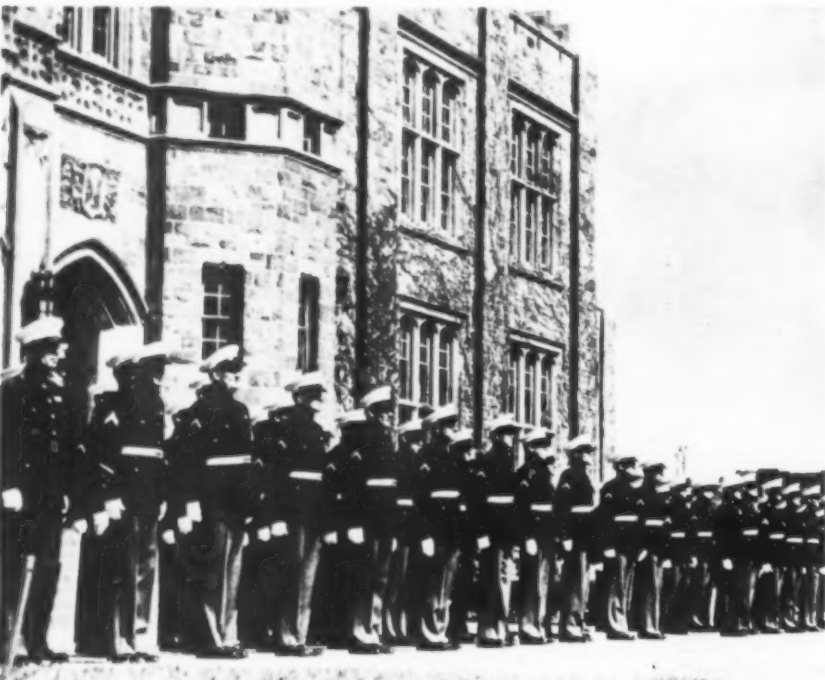
At the end of the Pacific war the Marine Corps, no longer needing a large striking force for the invasion of Japan, began a rapid program

of demobilization. Scenes like this one at Miramar were familiar ones on the west coast as Marines returned for discharge, or reassignment

Many old practices have given way
to new ideas during the past year



At the peak of demobilization, ships arrived almost daily bringing thousands of Marines back to their homes; for many it was the first time in three years



As a military guard for the United Nation's meeting in New York City, Marines once again stepped back into one of their most colorful peace-time duties



It's Mister — not Sergeant — Henry W. Rohland. He, like 400,000 Marines, is now Joe Q. Civilian.



The largest recruiting program in history has supplied over 50,000 new men in eight months

Hawaii. A majority of the high-point men, eligible for discharge, had already been sent Stateside. Those not eligible for discharge had been transferred to other occupational or garrisoning units. Their colors, bearing the battle streamers of Kwajalein, Saipan-Tinian and Iwo Jima, were eased for the last time. They are now at Headquarters, Marine Corps.

One month later, on December 28, the breakup of the Third Division was begun. The Third, which had assisted in the capture of Bougainville, Guam and Iwo Jima, began demobilizing on Guam and ended the process at Camp Pendleton. Thus the Marine Corps had hardly entered into its 171st year, when two divisions of its striking force had ceased to exist — except in the memories of those men who had served under their colors.

The Fifth Division, of Iwo fame, was the next to go. Many of its personnel had been transferred to other units while the division was stationed in Japan. The last elements of the Fifth wound up their affairs and disbanded at Camp Pendleton on February 5, 1946. The Sixth Division was sent to North China from Okinawa. After several months of duty in China it ceased to function as a division on April 1. The men who remained were formed into the Third Marine Brigade and this later to the Fourth Marine Regiment, reinforced. This regiment remains on duty in North China today.

When the Fifth Amphibious Corps was disbanded at Camp Pendleton on February 15, and the Third Corps in China on June 10, the Marine Corps had shrunk to its last two divisions — the First and Second. The First was on duty in China, the Second in Japan.

Shortly after this, Headquarters announced that the Second Division was being withdrawn from Japan — where they had been a part of the occupying forces. Elements of this division had been stationed at Sasebo, Yokosuka, Omura and Nagasaki, since shortly after the final surrender of Japan, when they relieved the Fifth Division. For the first time since 1942, the Second was coming home.

The forward elements arrived in the United States early in July. Their assignment to Camp Lejeune came as a surprise to many. Regiments that had long been West Coast units comprised the "ready outfit" of Marines for the East Coast. The last elements of the division were landed Stateside a month later.

One regiment, the Sixth, of the Second Division,

was detached and landed at Camp Pendleton, Calif. Later the Commandant announced that this regiment would be expanded into a brigade and later to divisional strength, but that the latter would not happen for another year.

Prior to the Second's return, the First Special Marine Brigade was the only organized unit of the Fleet Marine Force in the United States. It had been activated at Quantico during January, 1946, under its first commanding officer, Brigadier General Oliver P. Smith. A month later, however, the command passed to Brigadier General David N. Nimmer.

Three months after its organization the brigade was engaged in the first large-scale maneuvers since the close of World War II. For 34 days they engaged in amphibious maneuvers with the Eighth Fleet in the Caribbean and in brigade problems on the island of Puerto Rico. A majority of the men participating in these various maneuvers were new and every effort was made to employ a great deal of the knowledge gained by experienced officers and men during the war.

In the meantime, 3000 miles across the United States and off the shores of San Francisco, Marines were landing on another island. This landing, however, had little in common with those being executed at Puerto Rico. At Alcatraz a number of prisoners had overpowered the guards, secured two weapons and made a vain attempt to escape from the "Rock." When this failed they barricaded themselves in a cell block, threatening the lives of a number of prison guards, captured during the early moments of the riot. Before the 45-hour battle was over, the desperate convicts had carried out their threats against two of the guards. Several others were wounded. The three ringleaders in the hopeless dash for liberty also paid with their lives. No Marines were wounded.

Back across the continent again, this time to the Bronx in New York City, four officers and 75 enlisted Marines were engaged in one of the colorful assignments of the year. They had been selected to form a military guard for the United Nation Security Council meeting being held at Hunter College. This guard was commanded by Major Jonas M. Platt.

The early meetings of the Council were quarrel-racked ones. The bombastic attitude of the diplomats high-lighted the United Nation conclave. They argued incessantly in an attempt to find a common ground on which to perpetuate the peace so recently bought with years of bitter fighting. Throughout

these meetings the Marines maintained their vigilance, efficient and unperturbed.

Not so unperturbed, however, were some of the visitors who came to witness the Security Council's meetings. The belligerent attitude of many delegates and the stories of world unrest in the newspapers disturbed many of the visitors. Perhaps it was this feeling of apprehension that caused one lady to view with alarm the bayonets hanging from the belts of Marines as they walked their posts.

She approached one of the sentries and demanded to know if trouble was being anticipated. When assured that none was, she demanded to know why the "Soldiers" were carrying "those large knives" on their belts. "I suppose," the sentry later explained as he recounted the incident, "that she would have expected an invasion if we had been carrying M-1s."

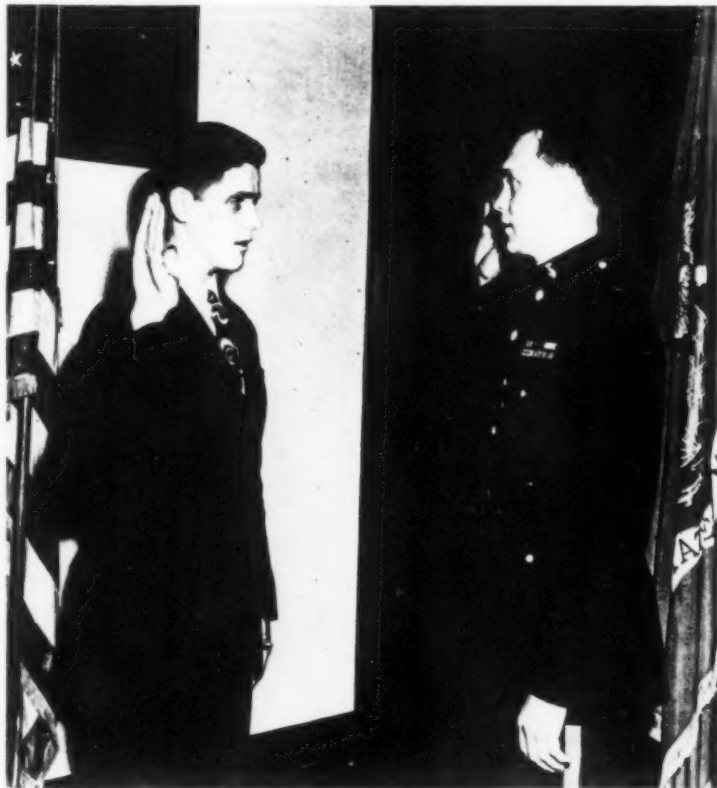
The Marines provided a definite atmosphere of color for the historic meeting of the United Nations. Once again they were attired in a uniform that is as famous as the Globe and Anchor. The new and much discussed dress blues had finally made their appearance in the Corps and in public. And, while none of the radical changes predicted for years had been made, the first group of Marines to wear them was by no means disappointed.

The most radical change was the adding of four pockets to the blouse and pockets to the trousers. The new blues became an item of issue in September and were passed out to Marines in the States as rapidly as the Depot Quartermaster could procure them.

One of the outstanding changes in the Marine uniform was that made in the greens during the past year. Previously, the last major change made in this uniform occurred in 1928, when the roll collar was substituted for the old high collar. At one time the green blouse was equipped with a collar similar to that on the blue blouse.

The familiar green blouse has now been replaced by a combat jacket, similar to the Aussie battle jacket. Hip pockets and a higher waist have been added to the trousers and complete the new winter service uniform. And, while many Marines did not favor the change, experiments had proven the old-style uniform unsuitable to modern combat. This was the primary reason for the change — since the greens are, in the first place, combat uniforms and utilized for garrison purposes secondly.

Not much of the clothing being issued to Marines at the present time is in its prewar shape or style.



Denis Bodar of Cleveland, Ohio, says "I do" and becomes Private Bodar, USMC. He will spend the next 12 weeks at Parris Island's boot camp



During the past year, the first time since 1940, the Corps resumed its rifle and pistol matches. It was a premier match for the M-1 rifle

THE NEW MARINE CORPS (cont'd)

Many changes have been made. There is, however, at least one article of clothing that has reverted from its wartime styling to a peacetime mode. Marines need no longer suffer the ignominy of camouflaged underclothing. White skivvies are back in the Corps — and costing the government 14 cents less than the foliage-green ones.

Another peacetime practice was also resumed during the past year. The smoke had barely cleared from the battlefields than Marines were busy on the rifle ranges throughout the Corps.

Early in the year Marines began to sharpen up their shooting eyes for the divisional matches held at Hawaii, San Diego, Parris Island and Quantico. High shooters of these matches then turned their sights on the Marine Corps matches held at Quantico in June. Some of the most experienced shots in the Marine Corps were on the firing line for these matches.

There were a number of coveted awards, but the one which everyone hoped to take home was the Lauchheimer trophy. This was awarded to Gunnery Sergeant Theodore F. Wade of Camp Pendleton for

the highest aggregate score in the rifle and pistol matches. He fired a total score of 557 out of a possible 600 with the rifle and scored 531 out of a possible 600 on the pistol. This brought his aggregate score on both to 1088 — the highest in the matches.

Major Walter R. Walsh of Quantico walked off with high individual pistol honors when he scored 553 out of a possible 600.

This was the first Marine Corps match since 1940, and the first in which the M-1 rifle was used. It was noticeable that the scores were somewhat lower than in previous matches when the '03 was used. Experts gave a number of reasons for this, the first being the large sight. They say that this sight was adopted primarily for rapid fire and not for long range accurate shooting — as was the leaf sight on the '03. The course had also been changed and the emphasis placed on rapid fire. Naturally, this is not as accurate as the slow well-aimed fire over the old course.

Parris Island won the Elliott Trophy in team competition from all stations east of the Mississippi River. The San Diego Cup went to the Service Command, FMF, for highest team score of stations west of the Mississippi. Individual winners were awarded gold, silver or bronze medals.

There were many other events of interest taking place throughout the Marine Corps during the past year. Included was the inevitable occupation that follows in the wake of every war. The Marines drew their share of this duty in the Orient and on the smaller islands of the Pacific.

Asiatic police and guard duty is by no means new to the Marine Corps. It was new, however, to many of the younger Marines who have been destined to serve in the occupation forces. Along with their Army brothers in occupied Germany, these Marines faced many problems unthought of in boot camp or the training area. Many Marines, mainly those of the Second Division, had the responsibility of carrying out policies, setting standards and supervising a section of conquered Japan. It was a big job to carry out in atom-bombed Nagasaki.

The Marines who first landed in that devastated city lived under all types of hardships. Yet, despite this, rehabilitation of the Japanese people was started almost immediately. Before they were relieved and sent home the Marines had started the citizens back toward a normal living. This was just one of the many examples of the Second Division's work in Japan. Their job was naturally over-shadowed by the Supreme Commander of the Occupation Forces and the Army which drew the more spectacular duties surrounding the Japanese capital, Tokyo.

In North China, the circumstances were reversed. Here the publicity went almost entirely to the Marines stationed there. It was in this area that civil war flared between the Nationalist and Communist troops of China. The few thousand Marines of the First Division and Fourth Regiment (the Sixth Division having been deactivated) were kept busy guarding the Peiping-Mukden railroad. This was the life line that could enable the Chinese government troops to save Manchuria for China.

In addition to driving off the bands of Communists that continually attempted to wreck the right of way, or blow up the 32 bridges, the Marines did another job equally important to China's recovery. They



Whether Marines trained with an .03 in 1930, or with an M-1 today, they all feel that they



In the past year more time was devoted to details of training, omitted during the war for the want of time



As not all of the Chinese seem to have this feeling of gratitude, duty in North China was rough at times

kept open a vital coal mine which was saving North China and Shanghai from a fuel and power shortage. When the Marines came to North China in October, 1945, the beleaguered Tangshan mines were producing only 400 tons of coal a day. The output had soon jumped to 11,000 tons a day, which was sufficient for the needs of Shanghai, Peiping, Tientsin, Tsingtao and a few of the other cities. When the Marines came to China last Fall it took four days to make the trip between Chinwangtao and Tientsin over the railroads. Soon after Marine guards had been posted along the railway system the scheduled time for the trip was eight hours.

One newspaper columnist has even gone as far as to say that "it is very possible China is being saved by the efficient manner in which a few thousand American boys are doing an irksome, thankless job."

The same irksome and thankless tasks are being performed, too, on many of the now insignificant islands in the Pacific. Now these islands, and many others surrendered by the Japanese after VJ-Day,



It had been a short step from combat to the UN Security Council guard for these Marines



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came through Dago or PI in the best drilled and trained platoons ever to leave boot camp

have reverted to their former unimportance. Once again they are merely pinpoints on the map — to everyone, that is, excepting military strategists and the men who fought for them.

There have been hundreds of changes during the year, but the same old spirit is there. As the Marines celebrate their 171st birthday they are still finding out that the best post in the Marine Corps is the one they just left. The worst is the one they are going to. There are still men in China who want to come home and men in the United States who want to go to China. The liberty is more abundant than money to make them with and men still beat their gums about the chow.

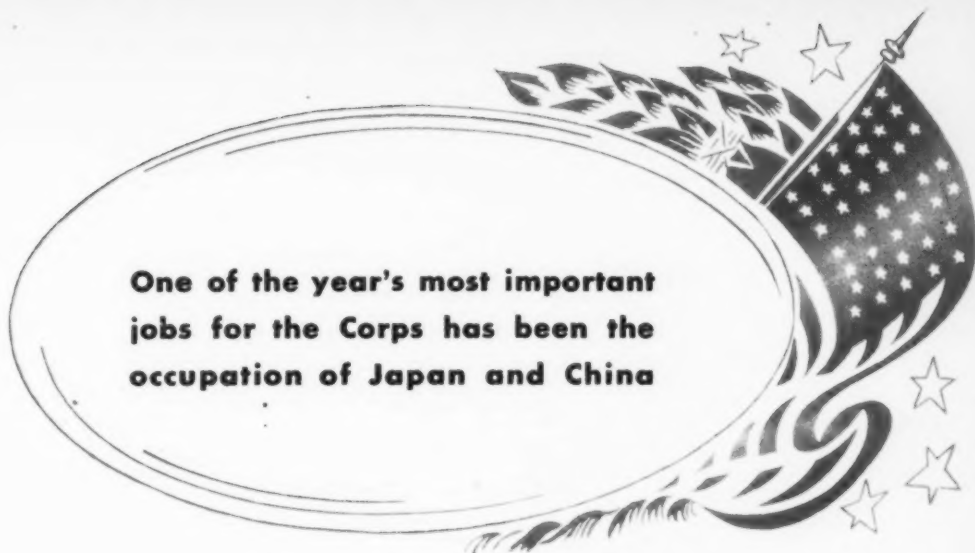
The platoons coming through boot camp feel sure that they have the toughest DIs, are the most over-worked, and best-drilled platoons ever to hit PI or Dago.

Basically its the same old Marine Corps. But in its 172nd year it will really be a new Marine Corps, in the sense that it will be the largest and most efficient Corps in history.

END



The Marines in their new dress blues were a colorful part of the UN meeting in New York



The collection and destruction of weapons by the thousands was one of the many tasks that faced Marines during their tour of occupation duty in Kyushu, Japan



Three Marines, attached to the early occupation forces in Japan, pause outside this gate at Sasebo to eat their noon meal. K-rations seem to be the day's menu

to the
Marines



THE GRAVITY GRIND

BY SGT. KIRBY KATZ
Leatherneck Staff Writer

PHOTOS BY CORP. WILLIAM MELLERUP
Leatherneck Staff Photographer

**Dreams of fame come true
for city champs who go to
the Akron Soap Box Derby**

NOW and then in this materialistic world dreams do come true. Ten years ago Myron Scott, a discouraged newspaper photographer who had to get a picture or be fired, disconsolately watched a gang of kids streaking down a slanting street in wheeled soapboxes. He shot the picture and attracted so much attention that he was convinced a full-fledged derby would go over. He worked at it and dreamt of success.

Today he has put aside his camera, for he is Grand Vizier of the famous All-American Soap Box Derby which recently held its ninth annual running



Delegates to the Derby came by plane, ate with the help of pretty stewardesses, got a royal welcome

in Akron before 100,000 persons. Each year the champions of 112 leading U. S. cities come to Akron, there to be paraded and feted in a fashion that few grownups ever dream of.

The cars are more streamlined, but basically the running is just what it was when Scott snapped his first picture — a bunch of skinny kids rolling down a hill in gravity-powered speedsters they built themselves. Enough color has been added to give the Tournament of Roses a bad time, competitively speaking.

The Chevrolet Motor Division of General Motors Corporation, which with local newspapers is co-sponsor of the affair, spends \$100,000 annually for the promotion. This year a motion picture studio made a movie of the event. Five radio stations broadcast the show. Newspapers all over the nation, having sent their city champion on to Akron's Derby Downs, reported the outcome with appropriate fervor.

But to no one did the contest mean more than to the lad who came to race. Already completely snowed by the slick diploma, the gold watch and the free plane trip to the rubber capital — the fruits of his victory on the home hill — he was bowled over by his reception at Akron. No one called him "sonny" or "bud." To everyone he was "champ." He scarcely had time to dwell on the awards awaiting the national winner. These included a trophy, a four-year college scholarship and, Holy Smokes, a Hollywood contract.

No one pinched himself harder than did 12-year-old Gene McGraw of Downers Grove, Ill., the Chicago winner and representative. As his plane swung over Akron he spied the three-laned concrete Derby track, with its radio booth, starting ramp and arched-over finish line. A special detachment of Marines in dress blues awaited him at the airport as he debarked. The Marine Western Procurement Division in Chicago had liked his style and figured he was as good a bet as any to win.

They piled him into his special open car and

whisked him off to the Mayflower Hotel behind an escort of screaming police-ridden motorcycles. People turned to stare. Gene's face was white with excitement. Once established in a room he proceeded with the first formality. His head still whirling, he shook hands with Myron Scott himself.

Gene got a natty, two-toned racing shirt, a silver-colored racing helmet, an overseas type military style cap and a pair of shatterproof racing goggles. He found all movie houses open to him, free. He could luxuriate in the hotel's, Champion's Club-room and demand of waiting orderlies all the ice cream and coke he could choke down, free. He was embarked on a whirlwind of festivities and spectacular events, an inspection trip through the Goodyear Air Station, a swimming carnival and a country club party. Nothing was too good for him, no demand too preposterous.

The country club party, after the snapping-in run, was too close to the race for Gene. He skipped it and in his hotel room concentrated on a comic book to keep his mind off coming events. The Marines could have saved their breath. The importance of winning was all too apparent to him.

Snapping-in was successful in every instance but one. The Cape Girardeau, Mo. entry, Don Geringer, cracked up against the crash board. Unhurt, he watched mechanics hustle to get his car in running order again.

Before they have attained the finish line, 975 feet from the starting ramp, these little racers gain speeds of between 35 and 40 miles an hour. But despite this and the nervous tension of the drivers, accidents are infrequent.

On the big day, before 100,000 spectators, the festivities began with a parade led by a Marine color guard, in dress blues, and a platoon of Marine veterans in their forest green. The Marine Corps

League had a band composed entirely of pretty girls in outfits of red and white. The parade over, the Marines took seats in a section of the grandstand to cheer on Gene McGraw, who by now was an honorary sergeant. As it developed, this did no good. Gene did not win.

Gilbert Klecan of San Diego flashed to the 1946 title in a blazing 27.31-second final. He nosed out Cleveland's Richard Zoller in a photo finish.

Then, while the crowd still roared, Klecan's brakes failed him. Still moving at about 40 miles an hour he smacked into a drift fence and while 150 photographers of the nation's wire services, newspapers and magazines hesitated before this unexpected development, *Leatherneck's* Corporal Bill Mellerup got a picture as bystanders pulled Klecan, unhurt, from his soapbox wreck.

END

Two Marines greet the champ from Chicago, Gene McGraw, at airport



The super soapbox that won the first derby gets a once-over from 1946 contestants. The picture of the ancient jalopy, winner in 1933, is emblazoned on all Derby insignia



Ken Bauder, Ellwood City, Pa., who starved himself to make the racing weight, watches Jack Campbell, Dubois, Pa. eating cake



Bauder and his sleek car being weighed in. The husky young pilot is obliged to remove his shoes and shirt to get under the weight limit



McGraw from Chicago, fed up with dinners, reads in bed



Honorary Marine Sergeant McGraw praying the night before the race



In the maintenance pit Gene Moore of Ada, Okla. oils his speedster



Looking down the Akron hill before the big race. The starting point is where the cars are stacked up. Once the course was longer but speeds got to be too great



Marine Corps League band drum majorette

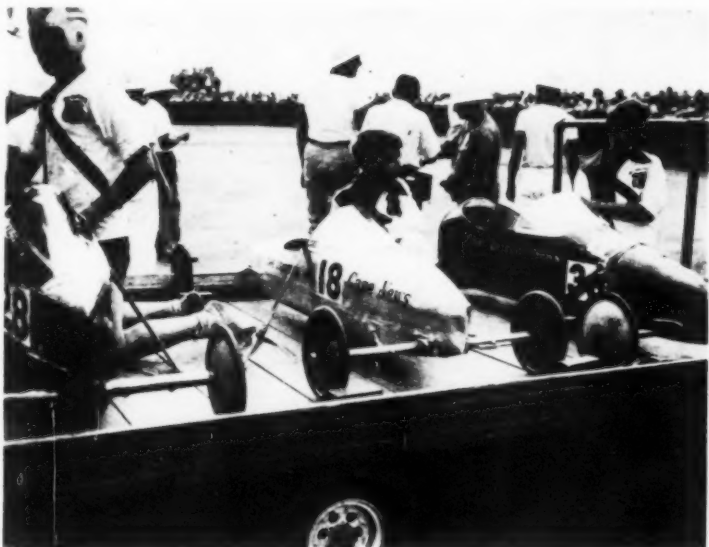
A Hollywood contract, trophy college scholarship awaited the luckiest of the whiz kids



Technical experts give McGraw's car a very thorough going over to be certain that it conforms to Derby regulations in every respect



The races were covered by five radio stations, with the final run described to the whole U. S. The girl reporter looks disappointed



The kid in the center looks as if he might have lost a race. But he didn't. All three are riding back up the hill to run once more



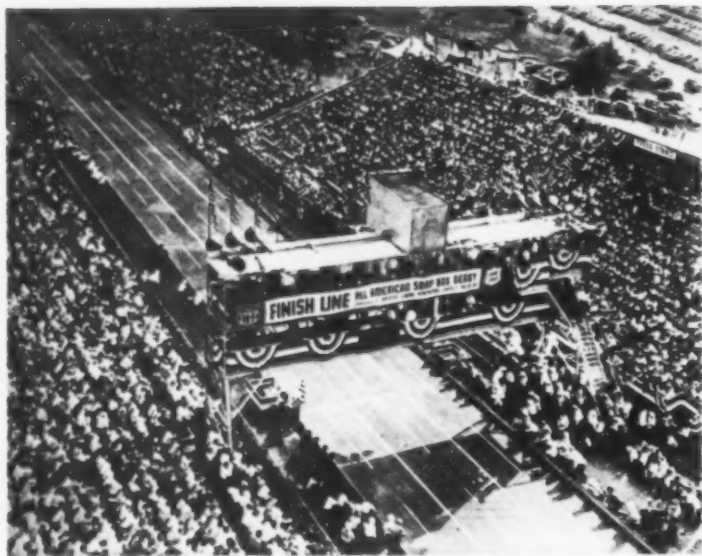
Richard Bydnes of San Francisco had some anxious moments until his car arrived by train a few minutes before the snapping-in runs



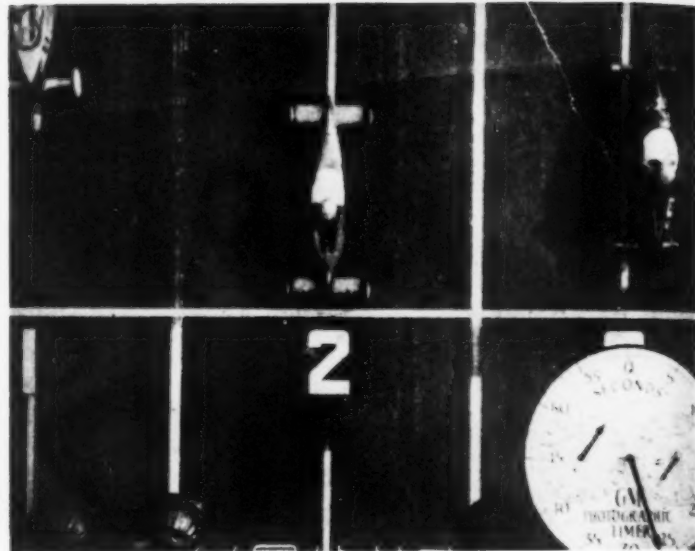
Like a parade, everyone loves a soapbox derby. Spectators came in all ages, sizes, colors and dress to watch the gravity grind



This is Honorary Sergeant McGraw biting his lip. He's just back from the race he lost, afraid he's let the Marines down



This looks as if it might be the track for really fast racing autos. But the soap boxes can drum up speeds of 35 to 40 m.p.h.



Gilbert Klecan of San Diego, the grand champion, didn't have much length to spare as this photo of the final finish shows



Klecan, with his mother, receives the trophy in his battered No. 91

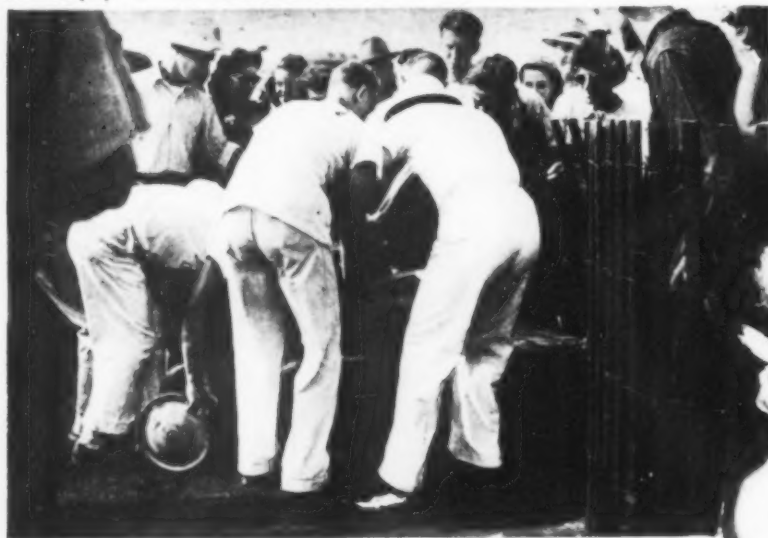
The big race ended with a bang as the winner hit a fence



Besides Klecan's there was another crash on the final day. No one was badly hurt



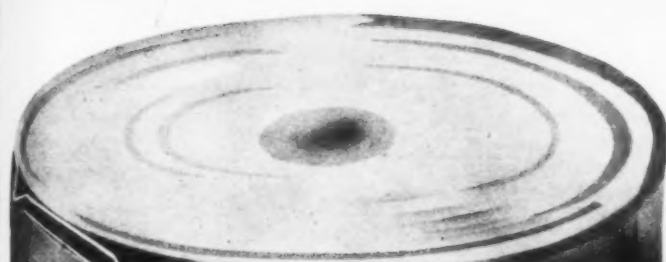
Champion Klecan waves to the crowd as he is brought back to the finish line



Mrs. Klecan gives her son a good washing after the race

Corporal Mellerup of Leatherneck was the only photographer to get this picture, seconds after Klecan smashed into the fence

One of the movie industry's toughest and least rewarded jobs is finding needed props



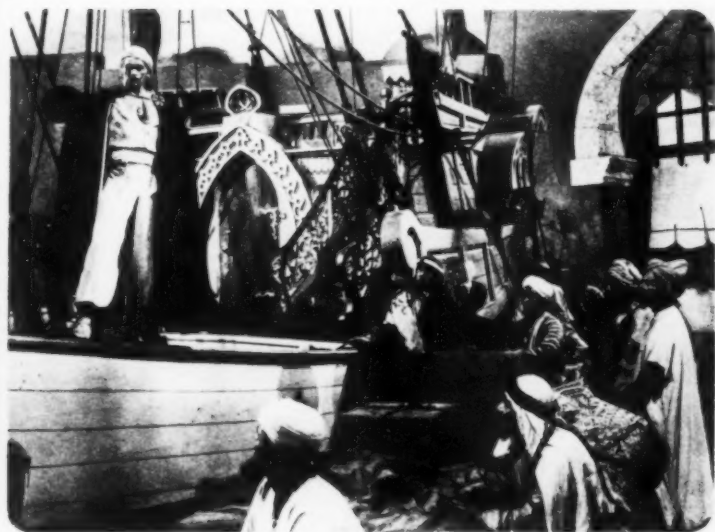
IN THE glamorous motion picture industry there are some glamorous jobs. But one of the jobs that makes the industry glamorous is little more than a head detail to the poor Joe who suffers under the demands of exacting producers and fussy art directors. He is the property man.

A manual of the theater defines a property as any object, exclusive of walls and doors, used in a

PROPS

an iron dashboard to protect Costello's valuable shins. The mule kicked once on cue but refused to kick again until a sheet of felt was installed to relieve the shock on the kicker's tender heels. It was probably the first time a mule ever kicked about kicking.

For the motion picture "So Goes My Love," property man Robert Lazlo had to produce 50



An old prop in a new setting. Doug, Jr., strikes a dramatic pose on the gunwale of a second hand ship



This live prop, a burro, stole scenes from Yvonne De Carlo in "Shahrazad," they say. We're from Missouri

production. It is the duty of this unwept, unhonored and unsung hero of so many epics, to buy, beg, borrow or steal them . . . as in the Marine Corps.

When a picture goes into production the producer, who is the CO on the lot, calls the property man into his office and presents him with a long list of necessary items. The poor guy goes out and buys himself a carton of aspirin, and sets about the weary task of assembling said items.

Even livestock may be on the list. More than one prop man has found himself playing nursemaid to a herd of elephants or a swarm of bees. Fortunately, for the Hollywood prop hunters, there are a few stock ranchers who raise animals especially for the movies. In Universal's "Shahrazad" several of the street scenes required pigeons that would hang around the cameras. The five dozen birds used in the picture have been trained by one of these ranchers. Since egghood they have been taught to hunt food within lens view and not to wander off the set or into the stage rafters.

The director of "Shahrazad" demanded some authentic Spanish mules to point up the Spanish Moroccan background. Only four could be found.

Missouri mules will round out the jackass allotment but because of their American descent they won't be allowed within recognition range of the camera.

The prop man's life is beset with trials and tribulations. Imagine the consternation of one of these unfortunate individuals when he showed up at the studio one morning and was told to go out and dig up three mutts that looked alike. They wanted them for Universal's "Little Miss Big." After considerable searching he found them, but they couldn't be used as they were. One pooch had to be sheared completely, one left just as it was, and the other deprived of half of its hair.

A small, red mule that would kick on cue was needed for "Little Giant," the Abbott and Costello film. A mule was found and hitched to a cart ridden by Lou Costello, on which the prop men had built

sparrows to satisfy Director Frank Ryan's thirst for authenticity. Lazlo didn't have too much trouble finding the birds but for a while he did have difficulty keeping them on Stage 12, where Myrna Loy and Don Ameche were working on the film. The big problem had been to keep the birds from escaping whenever a door was opened. A vast, soft net of cheesecloth, so big it ran from floor to roof and completely surrounded the set, had to be sewed together and hung on the sound stage. Only when the filming is completed may the feathered actors be set free.

Speaking of birds, a mynah from East India plays an important role in "Sinbad the Sailor." The prop man rented "Jerry," who speaks 75 words in English, from his owner for \$25 a day. He is valued at \$2250.

"Jerry" may have been quite a responsibility for his keeper, but the \$500,000 worth of mounted gems, borrowed for "What Nancy Wanted," was a really sensational risk. The set stones, for use as the English Crown Jewels, were transported by an armored car and six guards armed with tommy guns and were then displayed in shatterproof glass

CORP. KARL SCHUON
Leatherneck Staff Writer

Much ingenuity is used by the movie idea men in converting props



Props sometimes play an important part in getting laughs in comedies. Here a ructious jackass augments the antics of the inimitable Lou Costello in a hilarious scene from "The Little Giant"

cases with the guards on constant duty. The prop man breathed more easily and slept more soundly when the studio finished with them and they were returned safely to their owner.

The property department at Republic was tearing its hair out when it found that no Hollywood prop shop had foreign money in sufficient quantities to make up a seven-foot chain of short snorter bills made of folding money from 25 different countries. The chain, needed in a sequence in "Rendezvous With Annie," was finally assembled by a trio of ex-Army flyers engaged in the production. An ex-lieutenant had a short snorter roll three feet long,

which he had accumulated in the China-Burma-India theatre. An ex-major had a two-foot roll from the ETO, and a holder of the Congressional Medal of Honor supplied the balance of the roll. The bills were temporarily pasted together for use in the scene.

Sometimes the prop list may run to larger items. In "Sinbad the Sailor" a ship was needed. The undaunted prop man remembered the *H.M.S. Bounty*, a remnant of "Mutiny On The *Bounty*," produced in 1934. He found the vessel and under the supervision of Wallace McLay, had it fitted out as a lavish baggola of 800 A.D.

Rigging the ancient craft was a simple problem

to McLay, who had recently returned from two years of salvaging scuttled enemy ships at Eritrea. The rigging and lines on many ships in the Red Sea have not changed in 3000 years, he says.

When a chandelier was required for the interior of a beach cabin in RKO's "Desirable Woman" the resourceful prop man took a ship's wheel from the U.S. Destroyer *Moody*, sunk off Catalina Island, and converted it into the decorative hanging. A light from the *John Eno*, only American merchant ship with a Chinese figurehead, formed another part of the set dressing.

Earl McKee, property man for RKO, has provided everything from goldfish that blow bubbles to electric fans that run backwards. But he was almost stumped when a director demanded 30 slot machines for use in a scene. The catch was that slot machines are illegal in California. Although the circumstances remain a secret he managed to find them. Legitimately, too, he says. **END**



This prop is undergoing a transformation. When the police started searching for Aubrey, Frank McHugh gave the pooch a trimming. The scene is from the Universal picture "Little Miss Big"



Aubrey, the pooch, before his transformation steals this scene from little Beverly Simmons

Yvonne De Carlo displays her
beautiful Shahrazad costume

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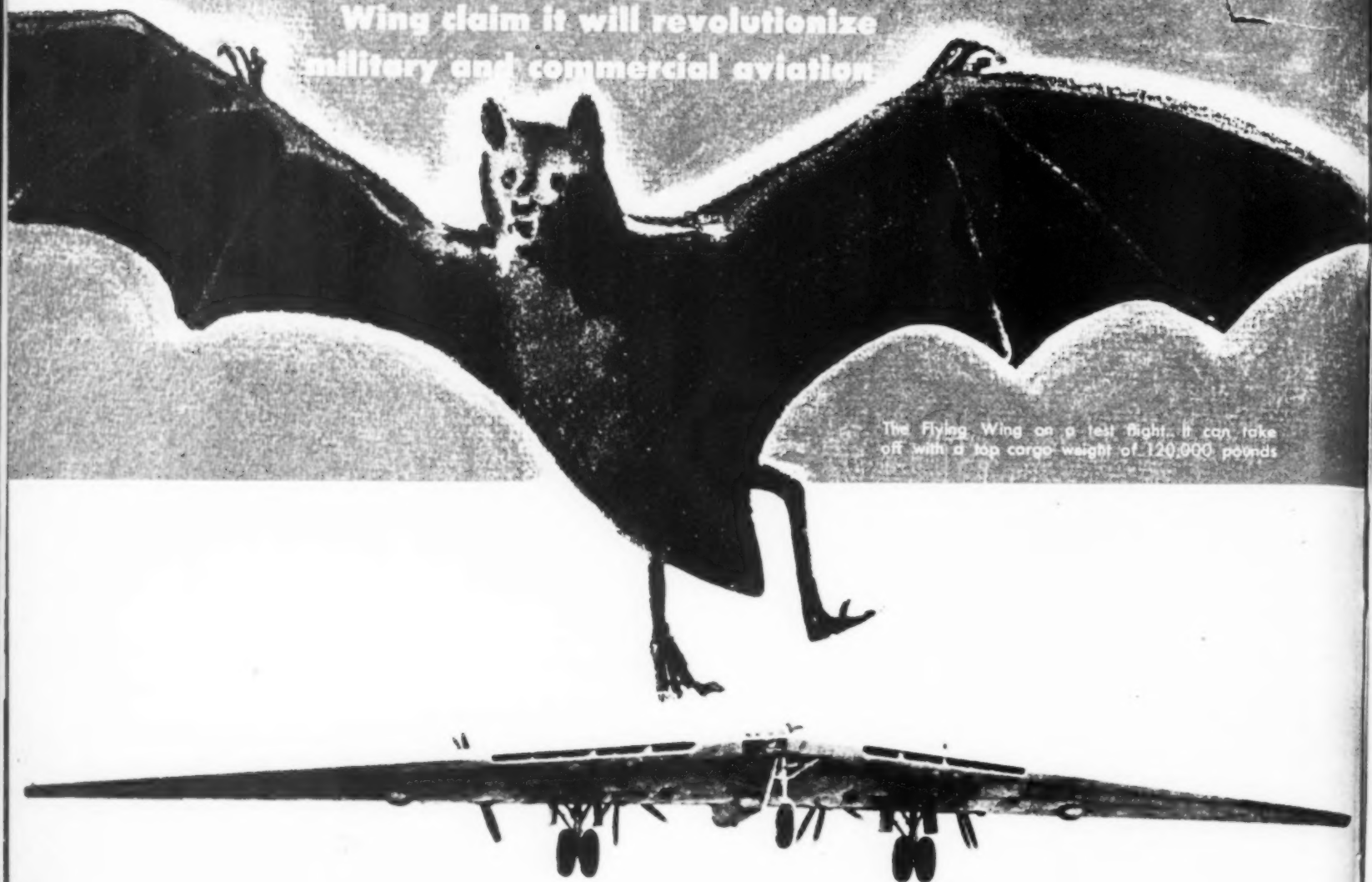
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Builders of the new Flying
Wing claim it will revolutionize
military and commercial aviation



The Flying Wing on a test flight. It can take off with a top cargo weight of 120,000 pounds

HELL BAT'S BIG BROTHER

BY CORP. LEONARD RIBLETT
Leatherneck Staff Correspondent

THE Flying Wing, big brother to the widely referred to "Bat Out Of Hell," is a 172-foot monster that can take off with a total of 209,000 pounds, nearly 40 tons more than an overloaded B-29.

It is officially known as the XB-35, a \$13,000,000 dream of John K. Northrop, who first conceived this radical plane design in 1923. The Flying Wing, which has been top secret since 1943, is supposed to be the closest possible approach to the ideal "clean" plane. It has neither conventional fuselage nor tail surfaces. It is merely a long wing, slightly bent in the center and driven by four propellers. If it lives up to the expectations of Northrop and his engineers, it will revolutionize military and commercial aviation.

The main advantage claimed for its design is the high ratio of lift as against drag. On conventional aircraft the fuselage and tail surfaces are dead weight, greatly contributing to drag, and the engine nacelles, housing the driving power, contribute to the lifting power only indirectly. Just the wings are the carriers and the XB-35 is all wing — all carry — as far as the exterior surfaces are concerned.

The first of the Flying Wings was flown in 1929. It was not a true wing, since tail surfaces were retained. But it was a big step ahead, and it worked. This plane had a spread of 30½ feet. The maximum thickness of the wing was 34 inches. The first true wing came a decade later in the N1M, nicknamed the Jeep, which had a span of 38 feet, was 36 inches thick, and was powered by two 65-horsepower engines.

Now, seven years after that, comes the giant XB-35. It measures 172 feet from tip to tip, and

stands 20-feet and one-inch high. It is an all metal, bombardment-type plane, powered by Pratt and Whitney Wasp Major engines that deliver 12,000 horsepower. The engines are in submerged housings and do not protrude vertically from the wing surfaces.

The Wing has cabin space for 15 men, though the normal crew is nine. Crew members are pilot and copilot, bombardier, navigator, engineer, radio operator and three gunners. Six others can go along as alternates on the 10,000-mile flights of which the Wing is capable. It is designed for extremely long-range, high-speed and high-altitude performance. The 15 men are housed entirely within the wing, of course.

The XB-35 is 37½ feet long at its center and tapers to slightly more than nine feet at the wing tips. It sweeps back from the center like a Bromdignagian boomerang, giving the ship an over-all length of 53 feet.

Designed for high altitudes and for high speeds, this new plane can fly 10,000 miles nonstop

When the XB-35 rolls out on the runway unloaded, it weighs in at 89,000 pounds. For maximum performance the useful load is 73,000 pounds more. But if necessary — and in the war just ended overloading was "necessary" nearly all the time — the Wing can take on as much as 120,000 pounds.

Northrop, who built the Black Widow night fighter, knows that he has the plane of the future. He was aware of the Wing's potentialities nearly 25 years ago. His main trouble has been in getting others to believe in it. His first Wing, which had a pair of tubular booms on which tail surfaces were mounted, was built in Burbank in 1928. It was flown successfully through 1929 and 1930. The first true flying wing, nearly a decade later, made more than 200 flights before it was retired to the aviation museum at Wright Field, Ohio.

The XB-35 is the latest of more than a dozen tailless planes to be flown by Northrop Aircraft. It is the first of a government order for 15.

Although it is designed as a bomber, the plane can easily be adapted for cargo carrying, and it is in this field that the designers claim its worth will be proven. Northrop hopes to demonstrate that all-wing planes will have a speed as high as 100 miles per hour over the maximum of conventional planes with the same power and capacity.

Here are more of its advantages:

Because it does not have to drag along a fuselage and tail, it can transport any weight faster, farther and cheaper than can a plane of conventional design.

Cargo weight can be spread more evenly in compartments throughout the entire wing, eliminating the need for the complicated construction required in today's planes.

If the shooting should start again the Flying Wing is a tougher target.

Northrop's engineers believe, all else being equal, the Wing will carry a one-fourth greater load for a 25 per cent greater distance than planes of the conventional design.

Northrop long has believed that his Wing has a tremendous future in commercial aviation and that in time it will make all other models obsolete. That Germany also thought so was indicated by a plane of flying wing design known as the Gotha P-60, which was captured, along with its designer, by U. S. occupation troops.

The Flying Wing is controlled by "elevons," located on the trailing edges, which combine the functions of elevators and ailerons. These look small in comparison to the plane, but actually they are 34 feet, six inches long — about the size of the wings of a Piper Cub.

Long slots run parallel to the leading edge of the Wing. These are valuable at slow speeds. They prevent interruption of smooth air-flow when the Wing is slowed down to a near stall, and they add to the over-all operational safety. When the Wing is traveling at high speed, special doors close the slots and the smooth line of the Wing is restored.

Giant lungs, which Northrop calls "plenum chambers," feed air to the powerful engines and eliminate the need for air scoops. Long air ducts on each side of the leading edge direct the air to the plenum chamber, from which it is taken to feed the two turbo-superchargers on each engine, the inter-coolers and the oil coolers. Since each engine produces enough heat to warm a factory, a large flow of air is directed over the wholly-submerged engines to keep them cool.

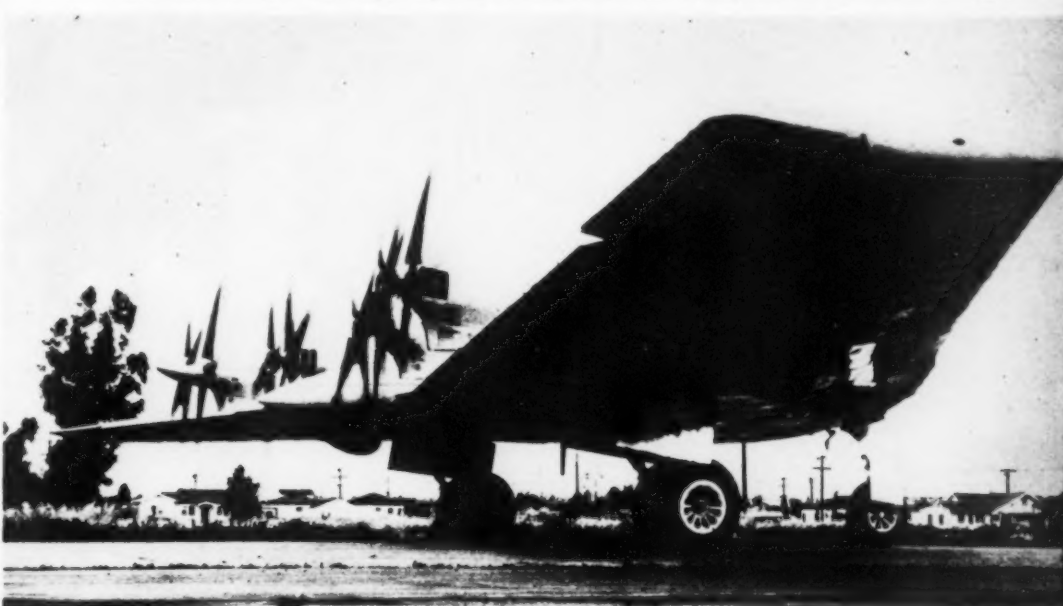
The propellers are eight-bladed Hamilton Standard coaxial pushers. These have a diameter of 15 feet, four inches. A reverse pitch of the props can be used for braking, which helps to reduce the landing run.

The landing gear, which is fully retractable, is of the tricycle type. Dual wheels, each five feet, six inches in diameter, are on the main gear. A single wheel, four feet, eight inches in diameter, is up front.

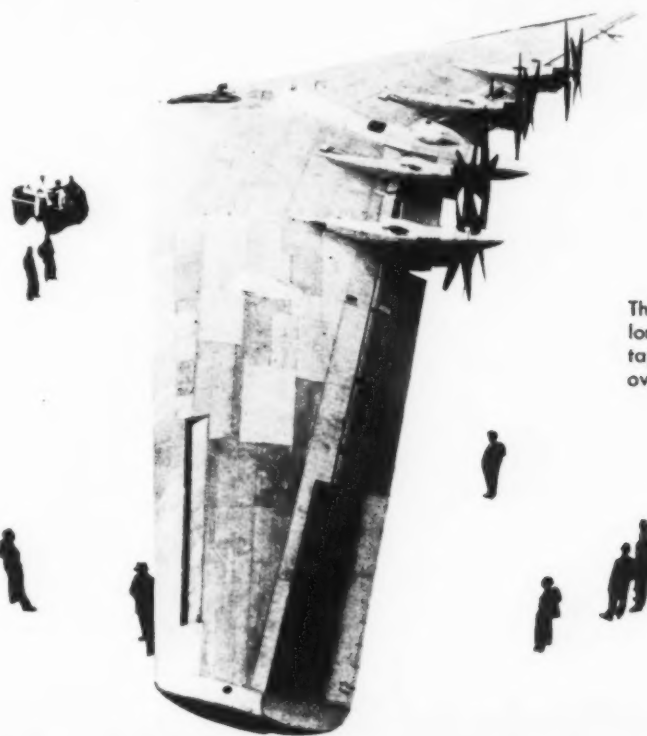
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Small but powerful "land tugs" (such as the one shown in the foreground of this photo) are used to tow the huge sky ship into position for taking off on its first test flight



These whirling props are eight-bladed coaxial pushers powered by four motors that turn out a total of more than 12,000 horsepower. The plane's tricycle landing gear retracts



The plane is 37½ feet long in the center and tapers down to a little over 9 feet at wing tips



L.S.T.

512

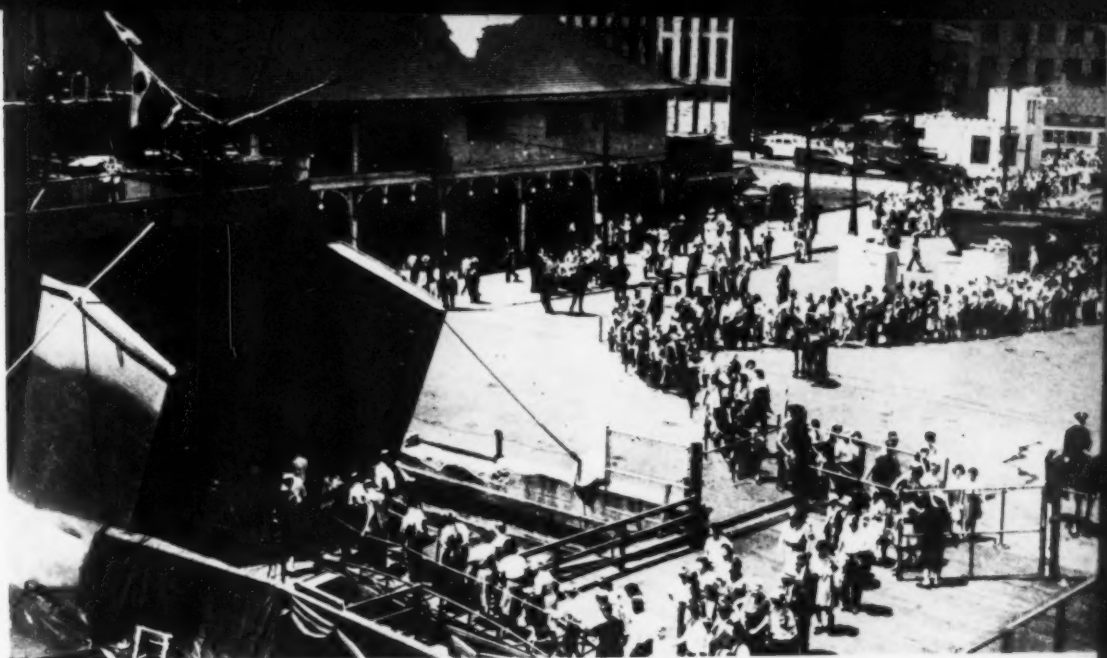
The ship ready for a show

PEOPLE along the Mississippi had seen hundreds of warships go down the Big River from their construction yards in the Great Lakes area, but in May, 1945, when the LST 512 began nosing her way up the river, they were nonplussed. River boat captains leaned out bridge windows and screamed:

"Hey! You're going the wrong way!"

Had the observers known that the craft's principal cargo consisted of sand and tropical plants from Miami, and Navy, Marine Corps and Coast Guard battle veterans, they would have been still more puzzled. The ship and its crew of widely representative men were loaded with the idea of Lieutenant Colonel G. McGuire Pierce, USMCR. Feeling that the armed forces should show inland civilian workers what was being done with materials manufactured in the hurried war production plants, the Navy Department approved a seagoing war museum.

The ship chosen was a product of the Chicago Bridge and Iron Works, in Seneca, Illinois. After a trip down the Illinois and Mississippi rivers to New Orleans, it had been armed and commissioned in that city, at the edge of the sea water. Two Atlantic crossings, 20 trips over the English Channel, and an



In long, winding lines, citizens of many inland cities moved through the exhibit craft from opening hours to taps. Over 20,000 sight-seers was not an uncommon figure for one day

EXHIBIT CRUISE

Loaded with showpieces of battle, a fight-scarred ship shows landlubbers how the Marines fought World War II

active part in the D-Day operations on the Normandy Beach were to her credit before she was broached and had her back broken by a storm off the French Coast.

Raised and refloated, the LST 512 was chosen to be made into what the Navy Department called an "industrial incentive." From the smoky yards of Norfolk, after repairs, she sailed to Miami, where she took on truck loads of sand and more than 50 varieties of tropical plants for her jungle exhibit. The nation's press, avidly conscious of the war and its need for good publicity, found a gold mine in the idea. Miami's papers covered the story from every angle and the crew was entertained at the expense of the city.

Under the direction of Col. Pierce, preparation of the exhibits was begun en route up the Mississippi. Going through the Illinois and Michigan Canal, it passed Seneca, the place of its construction.

In Chicago, the jungle was completed and the armament exhibits were brought on board. By this time the project was "big" news and the premier showing in Detroit was described as the noisiest thing the fresh-water people of the area had ever witnessed.

On June 12, 1945, the museum was thrown open to the people of Detroit. Lowering the ramp in her bow to make a great entry way, the ship and its crew entertained the inquiring taxpayer. According to Captain John E. Sivec, USMCR, current commanding officer of the Marine detachment aboard, the ship has seen the passage of as many as 26,000 sight-seers a day. This was in the days of the most intensive national anxiety.

On June 15, Belle Isle was "attacked." After days of meticulous preparation during which TNT was buried in the sands of the islet and timing arranged so that great geysers of sand would flare as planes simulated bombing runs, Detroit's landlocked civilians were treated to a staggering picture of 20th-century warfare. The operation was repeated on June 15, and again on the 20th. The large crowd that watched the sham landing operations, as two waves of Marines waded out of the landing craft to flop into the boiling dust of exploding "bombs," numbered 200,000. A fifth of a million people gathered around a roped-off area to see what some of their sons were doing on islands of the Pacific. They were not disappointed; some of the women came out of the jungle exhibit with tears of fright in their eyes.

Of the sights for the citizens to view between bat-

ties, the 80 by 30 foot-reproduction of shell-pocked jungle was the greatest eye-catcher. Winding through the sandy path, in almost complete darkness, the visitors were cautioned to:

"Keep your heads down; you're in enemy territory!"

As they fumbled for footing, people gasped at a life-size dummy of a Japanese soldier who had died at his machine gun. Blood trickling down from his cheekbone, shown by a hidden light, did little to put the visitor at ease. A few steps onward, a native shack of nipa cowered in the underbrush, and a blue-lighted panorama of ocean with warships at anchor behind it, added to the illusion. Then a pond of still, fetid jungle water. At the end of the darkened exhibit was a foxhole with another dummy, of a Marine fighter this time. To add to the realism, two members of the ship's marine detachment sat on the lip of the hole, shivering and hunch-shouldered with their cold from the jungle rain, simulated with an ingenious sprinkler arrangement. This latter feature so faithfully portrayed the bodily discomfort of tropical fighters that it was discontinued; the customers complained of it as unnecessary after they had seen the men come off duty in the exhibit foxhole, their faces blue and their teeth shattering. Just before the visitor left the exhibit, he could look up into the opening of a papier-mache tree and see a Jap sniper hanging by his mid-section, the victim of Marine sharpshooting.

Originally the martial showboat had been intended as a publicity agent, for both Marine Corps and Navy, with reference to the Coast Guard; but the color of the kind of fighting done by the Marines

eclipsed the things that the sailors had to boast of. A monstrous Globe and Anchor set the motif as a visitor entered the tank ramp; Marine weapons and the arms which they had captured from the Japanese continued the theme, and most of the moving pictures and dioramas dealt with training and indoctrination of the Marine personnel.

Whatever the branch of service represented, the public went wild; newspaper after newspaper carried full pages of the spectacle and quoted people who grinned:

"Thank God they're friendly."

The man who paid the bills and the woman who helped to build the boat were learning what was happening to the fruit of their labor. When back in Norfolk, after the Great Lakes and the Gulf of Mexico tours, the officer in charge of the exhibit ship said:

"... it is the biggest public relations project ever undertaken since the days of Theodore Roosevelt's Great White Fleet."

The individual private spectator was as fervent in his acclaim; town after town on the shores of the Great Lakes were serenaded with the TNT blasts and the strafing planes — Buffalo, Rochester, Erie, Cleveland, and then Toledo, where a new note entered the operations.

In the Ohio city, in addition to taking care of the landing procedures, Marines assisted in the care of an expectant mother who came for the show. The birth of her child during the activities afforded the fighting men novel experience.

Bay City saw them; Duluth, Muskegon, Milwaukee, Racine, and Chicago, where the 1,000,000th visitor on board was entertained, all received a visit. Then through the I and M Canal past, and performing for, Joliet, Ottawa, Peoria on the Illinois River, and St. Louis on the Mississippi.

Turning into the Ohio River at its junction with the Father of Waters, the crew carried its river show to Pittsburgh, then Steubenville, Wheeling, Parkersburg, Huntington, Portsmouth, Cincinnati, Louisville, Evansville and Paducah.

Then back onto the Mississippi for recitals at Memphis, Vicksburg, and Baton Rouge. At New Orleans the last sham beachhead was established. The 2,000,000th private inspector was welcomed aboard. The interest was not the fevered tempo of the war days; the end of the war had caught the 512 between Duluth, Minn., and Muskegon, Mich.

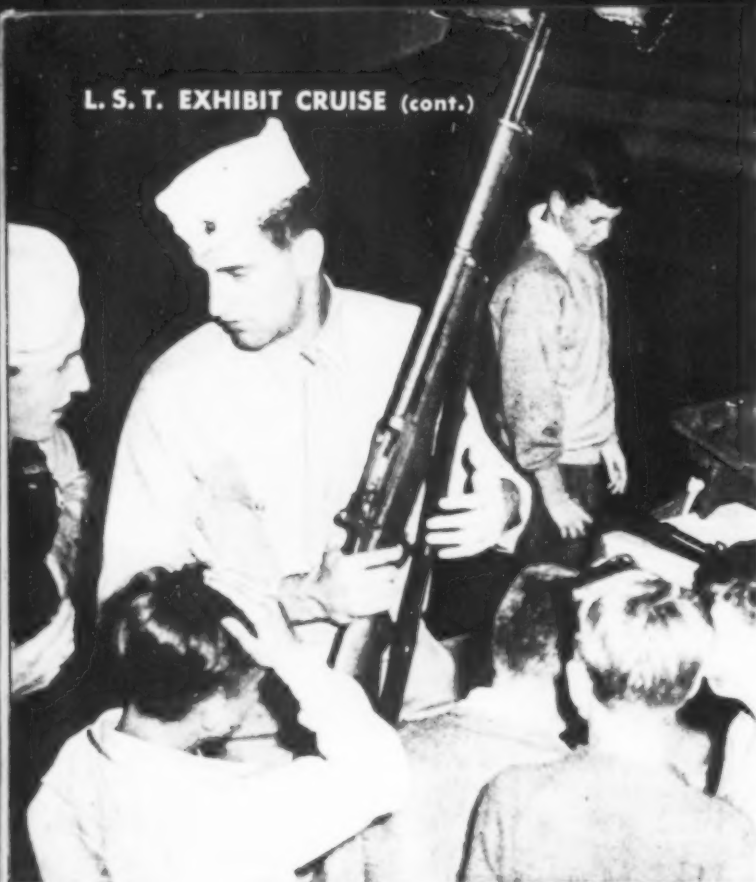
by Sgt. Lucius F. Johnston

Leatherneck Staff Writer

Photos by Corp. William H. Mellerup

Leatherneck Staff Photographer

L. S. T. EXHIBIT CRUISE (cont.)



A Marine tells about those weapons used in taking the Japs. Enemy arms were captured on Pacific Battlefields

Gradually, the accent grew into pure publicity and began to tend toward recruiting efforts, but interest was still high and the number of visitors was usually a figure comfortably above 5000.

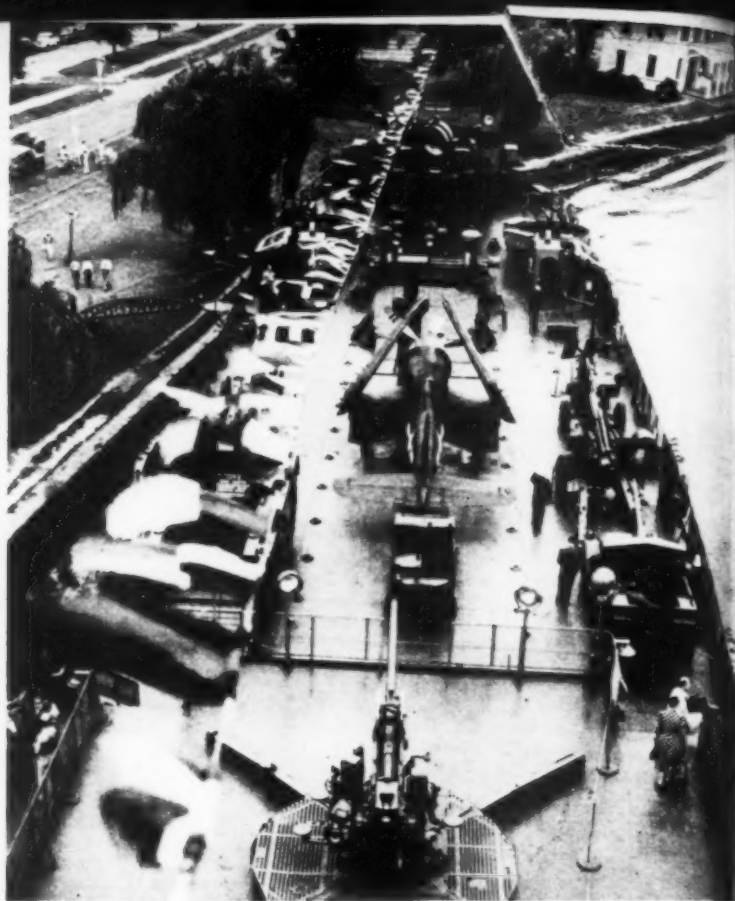
An avid reporter on a New Orleans paper canvassed the crew on the estimate of the various towns in which they had taken liberties. Naturally women and their relative availabilities were the bone

of discussion. Fruit of the poll, published in the *New Orleans States*, was the contention of the seasoned liberty-hounds that:

- 1—The women were prettiest in the Great Lakes areas.
- 2—The legs were worst in hilly cities.
- 3—The fastest pace they had experienced had been in Rochester, N. Y., and Chicago.

4—Best legs of all were in New Orleans, but the girls were aloof as snowbanks.

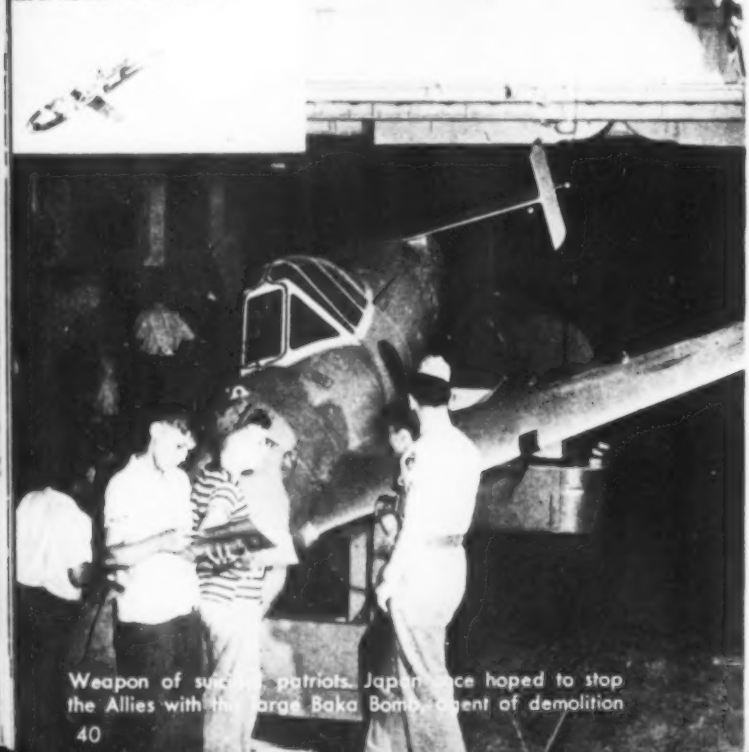
It has long been noted by men in uniform that inland cities, with few opportunities to see the men at their hectic play, are the best for liberty. Perhaps New Orleans had seen too many sailors and Marines; and in addition, the war was over and it was no longer a discredit to the flag to be seen with a man in spats.



Viewed from the mainmast, the topside area shows the tools with which Leathernecks established beachheads

KA SUICIDE PLANE

SPEED SUCKET PROPELLED BOMBARDING
ED AGAINST THE U.S. FLEET IT CARRIES 115 LBS.
BOMBS AND HAS NO LANDING GEAR. MAXIMUM SPEED
OVER 1000 M.P.H. RANGE IS 50 MILES. IT IS CAPTURED
BY A BOMBED PLANE AND THE REMAINS
WAS CAPTURED AT OKINAWA AND IS THE
LAST OF THE NAZI FOR PUBLIC INSPECTION



Weapon of suicide patriots. Japan once hoped to stop the Allies with the Baka Bombs, agent of demolition



This looks foreign to a boat. Dense jungle undergrowth with pseudo rain more than convinced visiting civilians

Battle vets enjoy 100,000 miles of Stateside seagoing

By this time — January 13, 1946 — the war was thoroughly finished, and the purpose of the LST became that of acquainting the populace of the Atlantic seaboard cities with the weapons and techniques that had done things on Iwo and Saipan.

A Baka bomb, the Japanese suicide winged missile of the last frantic days, was in prominent display. "Baka" is the Nipponese word for stupid or crazy. The name is evidently the work of some World War II soldier who had a working knowledge of the language.

In the forward section of the tank deck on the LST 512, there are models of the smaller craft used in landing operations, with PT boats and a gigantic map of the United States on which are lighted pinholes indicating the industry areas that furnished the Navy and Marine Corps with their tools of war. Most striking of the exhibits in this compartment is a moving panorama of a landing party, with rolling waves, ships at rest with their landing ramps flopped onto the sand, and strings of tanks, self-propelled guns, and troop vehicles.

An assortment of Japanese and American field weapons are on the main deck. A Corsair fighter plane occupies the center spot. Around it are distributed an American 75-mm., a Japanese howitzer of the same caliber, a Weasel, and four weapons of 105- and 155-mm. measurements.

On the boat deck the Navy finally gets its due. There, the guide pamphlets tell you, the visitor may see a wheelhouse-helm, annunciators, voice tubes, telephones, chart tables, a captain's emergency sack, a view of the chartroom and radio room, signal searchlights, boat davits, a 90-mm. M-1 anti-aircraft gun, flag bags, and a magnetic compass stand.

The Marine detachment is responsible for the caretaking of the tank deck exhibits. The contingent numbers less than 100 men and they are kept carefully occupied with the triple duties of maintaining the exhibits, keeping up with liberty in the various cities, and answering questions that occasionally border on the insane. The writer had the privilege of hearing one such question:

"Is that *real* water, mister?"

The moppet pointed to the pond in the dark center of the jungle section. With a constraint born of many months of such duty, the sentry merely nodded and did not give way to the urge that surely must have made his body twitch.

The upkeep of the matted foliage that imitates Pacific jungle is a ticklish, full-time job. Deprived of normal sunlight, the plants are bathed during non-exhibition hours with the rays of infra-red bulbs.

The last exposition of landing party tactics was given in New Orleans. The craft then swung around the Florida Peninsula and opened its publicity layout for Tampa, St. Petersburg, Miami and Port Everglades. After Norfolk, Va., the LST 512 entered the Washington channel for a show in the national capital. Here its 300 exhibits were inspected by Secretary of the Navy Forrestal.

From Washington the crew could look forward to liberty in Baltimore. Then would come other seacoast cities until Bath, Me. After that display, the ship will tour the Gulf of Mexico for more of the most colorful duty and varied liberty in the American services. By the end of her itinerary, she will have well over 100,000 water miles under her low-slung waist.

END



Emplaced on the Washington Channel, a 40-mm. anti-aircraft gun, largest rifle aboard ship, points toward the capital



This is much safer than the real thing. Crowds pushed themselves thick against guarding ropes that they might get first-hand information on amphibious techniques of war



A scene from the Battle of Detroit. Every large city in the Great Lakes area saw one of these noisy maneuvers which showed how landing operations are made



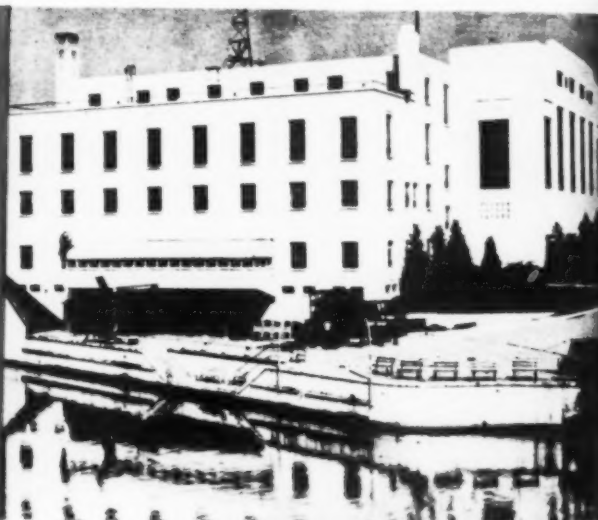
Postwar Plans

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★
 ★ **War-Peace transition** ★
 ★ **over, the Corps again** ★
 ★ **calls on the Reserves** ★
 ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★



Colonel R. McC. Pate, First Division veteran, current Director of the Division of Reserve

The Peacetime USMC R



Mock-up shipboard facilities at the rear of the Indianapolis Naval Armory where Marines will drill

BY ARTHUR MIELKE
 Leatherneck Staff Writer

THE word, awaited anxiously by many thousands of discharged Marines, finally has come down: The Marine Corps Reserve is again a functioning reality and is now accepting members.

Many Marines, upon being separated from the service, inquired how they could retain some affiliation with the Corps, how they could be assured of being returned to the Marine Corps in the event the United States again has a state of emergency. For many, the answer was that nothing had been decided on, but that there would be a Marine Corps Reserve.

Headquarters, Marine Corps, more specifically, the newly formed Division of Reserve, now has announced the plans for the postwar outfit.

There are three general categories of the Reserve. They are:

- Class I Fleet Marine Corps Reserve
- Class II Organized Reserve
- Class III Volunteer Reserve (General)

Classes I and III constitute the standby component of the Reserve. They comprise the reservoir of individuals with military experience or specialist qualifications who will be available for assignment as needed.

The Fleet Marine Corps Reserve concerns comparatively few persons. It consists of former Marines who have had either 16 or 20 years of active federal military service and who transferred to the Reserve upon completion of regular duty.

Class II, the Organized Reserve, is the ready component. This group is to be effectively organized and trained in units of aviation, infantry and the

supporting arms so that in an emergency it will be capable of immediately furnishing trained units and personnel in sufficient number and type to bring the Fleet Marine Force to a planned strength and composition.

All members of the Organized Reserves will be required to attend weekly drills and perform active training duty in the field for 15 consecutive days each year. Weekly drills will be of two hours' duration and those attending will receive one-thirtieth of the monthly base pay prescribed for their rank. Active duty nets a member full pay and allowances for rank held and time served.

At the time this was written, 15 ground reserve units were about to be or had been activated. Of these, two were 105-mm. howitzer battalions; one, a 155-mm. howitzer battalion and a fourth, a tank battalion. The remaining 11 units were infantry battalions.

The units and their locations are:

- 1st Infantry Battalion, New York, N. Y.
- 3rd Infantry Battalion, St. Louis, Mo.
- 6th Infantry Battalion, Philadelphia, Pa.
- 8th Infantry Battalion, Toledo, Ohio.
- 11th Infantry Battalion, Seattle, Wash.
- 16th Infantry Battalion, Indianapolis, Ind.
- 17th Infantry Battalion, Detroit, Mich.
- 1st 105-mm. Howitzer Battalion, Richmond, Va.
- 2nd 105-mm. Howitzer Battalion, Los Angeles, Calif.
- 2nd Infantry Battalion, Boston, Mass.
- 9th Infantry Battalion, Chicago, Ill.
- 13th Infantry Battalion, Los Angeles, Calif.
- 10th Infantry Battalion, New Orleans, La.
- 1st 155-mm. Howitzer Battalion, Philadelphia, Pa.
- 11th Tank Battalion, San Diego, Calif.

Colonel James J. Keating, also a First Division veteran, who now serves as executive officer



The total number of ground units authorized for the Organized Reserve is 16 infantry battalions, two tank battalions, two amphibian tractor battalions, two heavy antiaircraft artillery groups, four signal companies, ten engineer companies, one 40-mm. battery, two 155-mm. howitzer battalions and five 105-mm. howitzer battalions.

Organized Reserve Aviation units are being activated at various naval air stations throughout the country. These will bear the names of famous wartime units which have been decommissioned to enable Marine Aviation to come down to peacetime strength. On July 10, a mere 10 days after funds for the reserve program were authorized, VMF-142 was operating at the Marine Air Detachment, Naval Air Station, Miami, Fla. This was the first drill of any reserve unit since the end of the war. VMFs 216 (Seattle, Wash.), 351 (Atlanta, Ga.), 244 (Columbus, Ohio), 251 (Gross Ile, Mich.), and 221 (St. Louis, Mo.) followed in a matter of days.

Other squadrons of the Aviation Reserve which are being or which have been activated are:

VMF 112	Dallas, Tex.
VMF 121	Glenview, Ill.

Former Marines who enter the Volunteer Reserve are reappointed to the same rank and kind of warrant they held when they left the Corps. Those enlisted and assigned to the Organized Reserve may be appointed or reappointed by the commanding officer of the unit, to vacancies, up to the rank or corresponding rank held on their last discharge.

An applicant for enlistment in the Corps' Reserve must meet the same physical and moral qualifications as one enlisting in the regular Marine Corps. Minimum age is 17. No maximum age is specified. He must be an American citizen and must be between five feet, six inches and six feet, two inches, tall. All persons who have claims pending for or who are drawing pensions, disability allowances, disability compensation or retired pay from the government, are ineligible.

Enlistments in the Reserve are for two, three or four years.

The Marine Corps Reserve was created by Act of Congress shortly before our entry into World War I. At that time it was composed of three officers and 33 enlisted men. At the close of that war this branch of the Corps had risen to 276 officers and 5968

suggested sites and reported their findings to the Commandant, together with their recommendations.

Although suitable locations have been agreed on for many of the projected units, several are yet without armories. The search continues. Col. Pate will welcome any information on available facilities in communities large enough to support a reserve unit. It is requested that any reservist who knows of such facilities forward the information to the Division of Reserve.

Correspondence received in Washington indicates that many persons do not understand the part to be played by the Volunteer Reserve in the general Reserve picture. Its mission is to keep available a reservoir of key personnel which, together with the Organized Reserve and postwar inductees, will be sufficient to bring the Corps to a strength that has been planned in the event of mobilization of the Reserves.

The Volunteer Reserve and the Fleet Marine Corps Reserve are the inactive branches of the reserve setup. The term "inactive" means only that the membership is not required to drill and spend 15 days each year at camp, which the "actives," or



A group of aviation reserves study a plane. These are members of Anacostia's VMF 321



Members of the Organized Reserves and a selected few of the Volunteer will reenact scenes such as this. Here ground troops maneuver while air reserve units provide suitable air cover

VMF 123	Los Alamitos, Calif.
VMF 124	Memphis, Tenn.
VMF 132	New York, N. Y.
VMF 141	Livermore, Calif.
VMF 143	New Orleans, La.
VMF 144	Jacksonville, Fla.
VMF 213	Minneapolis, Minn.
VMF 215	Olathe, Kans.
VMF 217	Squantum, Mass.
VMF 233	Norfolk, Va.
VMF 234	San Diego, Calif.
VMF 235	New York, N. Y.
VMF 236	Glenview, Ill.
VMF 241	Los Alamitos, Calif.
VMF 321	Anacostia, D. C.
VMF 451	Willow Grove, Pa.

Because Selective Service is still claiming men from civilian ranks there are restrictions on enlisting in the Reserve. To enlist in the Organized Reserve one must have served in the land or naval forces of the United States outside the continental limits, or in Alaska (including service afloat or in flight status in any fleet air arm); or have served on active duty in the land or naval forces of the United States for a period of at least six months after 16 September 1940, excluding the time served while studying at any institution of learning.

Only honorably discharged Marines — regular, reserves and inductees (male) — may be accepted for enlistment and assignment to the Volunteer Reserve. Honorably discharged members of the Army, Navy, Marine Corps or Coast Guard and their reserve components, meeting specified requirements, may be assigned to the Organized Reserve subject to the approval of the commanding officer of the organized unit which they desire to join.

enlisted men. On November 1, 1940, the Organized Reserve was dissolved and became part of the active Marine Corps. At that time the Reserve totaled 15,729 enlisted and 1361 officers. These figures do not include, however, the numerous officers and men who voluntarily had gone on active duty before this date.

When the war ended the emphasis put on demobilization served to relegate the role of the Corps Reserve to a minor status in the overall Marine Corps postwar plans. Only the Volunteer Reserve remained alive and active and this because all separated officers, excepting those who specifically requested complete discharge, were automatically placed in the Volunteer Reserve.

Later, as more and more men were discharged, the need for a reservoir of men with experience as actives became increasingly evident. When the order came to bring the whole Reserve to life again, Colonel R. McC. Pate, director of the Division of Reserve, and Colonel James J. Keating, executive officer, were faced with two major problems. These were a lack of funds, and of suitable places in which to hold drills.

The first problem was solved when Congress allocated funds, effective 1 July, for the fiscal year 1947. The second, which affects only the Organized Reserve ground units, is now being overcome. Aviation units can use naval air station facilities.

In the reactivation of the Organized Reserve program it was realized that one of the primary considerations would be in finding suitable armory facilities. In December, 1945, recruiting officers throughout the nation made preliminary surveys of most major cities. When reports had been compiled, boards of officers from Headquarters inspected the

Organized Reservists, must do. Inactives may join an Organized Reserve unit if they qualify for membership and their location and civilian pursuits permit.

Included in the 1947 budget are funds for no more than 15 days active training duty for a limited number of selected officers and enlisted men in the Volunteer Reserve. It is hoped that this program can be announced by January 1, 1947 so as to permit assignments soon after that date and to allow reservists concerned, the time to make necessary arrangements.

The advantages of joining the Reserve are numerous. In the event of another national emergency the reservist is assured he will return to the Marine Corps and be given the same or higher rank or rate he holds in his reserve unit. His longevity will continue. If he had four years of active duty and eight in the reserve he will, at the end of the 12 years, be drawing longevity pay for 12 years. Many opportunities will be afforded reserve enlisted to become officers.

The Organized Reserve units will have ample recreational facilities, when the program is completed. There will be both athletic and social events. Battalions are permitted to form bands of 20 musicians. Blues have been authorized for, and will be issued to, bandsmen.

Programs for the Volunteer Reserve are still in the planning stages. Studies being made concern promotions, age-in-grade requirements, assignment to active duty for training, association with (as distinguished from membership in) the Organized Reserve, and correspondence courses and training for both general and special duties.

Another subject being studied is a component for a women's reserve unit.

BULLETIN BOARD

Reserve Special Commendation Ribbon

For those officers in the organized Naval and Marine Corps Reserves who, often at personal sacrifice, kept their organizations ready for mobilization, ALNAV 180 authorizes the Reserve Special Commendation Ribbon and an accompanying letter from the Secretary of Navy. There is no medal involved.

This ribbon, which will take precedence before any other campaign or service ribbon, is the same as the Naval Reserve Ribbon, except for the addition of a $\frac{3}{8}$ inch stripe of myrtle green which runs vertically down the center. It is awarded to officers of the organized Reserve who officially commanded in a meritorious manner for a period of four years between January 1, 1930, and December 7, 1941, an organized battalion, squadron, or separate division of the Navy or Marine Corps Reserve. They must have had a total service in the Reserve of not less than ten years.

The four-year period need not be continuous, but officers must have been regularly assigned. All cases will be referred to the Board of Decorations and Medals for decisions as to eligibility. Applications from individuals are not desired unless at later date it is apparent that some personnel have been overlooked.

Marine Corps Reserve Ribbon

The Marine Corps Reserve Ribbon is awarded to anyone of the Marine Corps Reserve who has completed ten years of honorable service in any class of the Marine Corps Reserve. Active service, if any, must have been satisfactory, and service by which a reservist qualifies for the Organized Marine Corps Reserve Medal cannot be counted when determining the required ten years for the Marine Corps Reserve Ribbon.

Award of NUC

The Secretary of Navy has authorized the award of the Navy Unit Commendation to the 9th Defense Battalion for service on Guadalcanal from 30 November, 1942 to 20 May, 1943 (date of last enemy aerial attack) and in the Rendova-New Georgia area from 30 June, 1943 to 7 November, 1943, (date of last enemy aerial attack).

Also included in the authorization for award of the NUC was the Tank Platoons attached to the 10th and 11th Defense Battalions serving on Guam from 21 July, 1944 to 20 August, 1944.

Organized Marine Corps Reserve Medal and Ribbon

Officers and enlisted personnel who have served for a period of four years in the Organized Marine Corps Reserve and attended four training periods and 80 per cent of scheduled drills, are eligible to receive the "Organized Marine Corps Reserve Medal and Ribbon."

To qualify, officers must not have received any unsatisfactory fitness reports, and enlisted men must have an average service record book marking of not less than 4.5.

Forwarding of Decorations

Commanding officers, states Letter of Instruction 1223, who receive decorations for Marines who have been discharged or placed on an inactive status, should forward the awards to a Division or District Recruiting Headquarters, Reserve District, or any other Marine Corps, activity nearest the man's home address for delivery with such a ceremony as may be deemed practicable.

Uniforms after Discharge

There has been a great deal of confusion among members of the Marine Corps Reserve on inactive status and those who have been honorably discharged, about when the wearing of the Marine uniform is proper and authorized. Marine Corps Reserve Bulletin II, released in July 1946, clarifies this situation.

All personnel, when wearing the uniform, are subject to the laws and regulations of the Navy Department. Regulations prohibit the wearing of the uniform in improper fashion and at unauthorized times.

Marine Corps Reserve personnel will wear the uniform of their rank or grade when on active duty and when performing drills and authorized training.

Reservists on an inactive status may wear the uniform on occasions such as memorial services, weddings, balls, funerals, and parades, provided they are of a military nature or character.

In attending meetings or functions of veterans' organizations and associations, the uniform may be worn if the membership is composed largely or entirely of Reserve personnel or honorably discharged veterans of the service.

Traveling to and from any ceremony in uniform is permissible, but such travel must be completed on the day of the ceremony.

Except by specific authority of the Commandant of the Marine Corps, Reserve personnel will not wear the Marine Corps uniform while performing their duties in schools or other military institutions. In the event authority is given, personnel will wear their Reserve rank and Marine Corps insignia; that of the school or academy on a Marine Corps uniform is forbidden.

Former members of the Marine Corps Reserve may wear the uniform from place of discharge to their home, within three months after discharge and on military occasions listed before, provided the honorable discharge emblem is worn above the pocket on the right breast. The maximum period of time between date of discharge and arrival at home during which the uniform may be worn, does not permit wearing the uniform after arrival home even though the three month period may not have expired.

Funds and Music for Reserve Units

The Commandant of the Marine Corps has approved a small band for each battalion of the Organized Reserve. The band will consist of 20 musicians, including a technical sergeant to act as leader.

The Organized Reserve has been allotted \$325,000 from money accumulated in the Marine Corps Fund to purchase and maintain recreational equipment, musical instruments, athletic facilities, pay rent and for purposes of upkeep and repairs.

Aviation Enlistments

All two-year enlistments for duty in Marine Corps aviation were terminated on 1 August, 1946, according to ALMAR 106. Only three and four year enlistments will be accepted for aviation duty in the future.

It was generally felt that the two year enlistments did not allow enough time for actual service to the Corps after a Marine had completed Boot Camp and specialized schooling in aviation.

We're tobacco men...
not medicine men...
OLD GOLDS
are made for
enjoyment!

Frankly, we're bewildered as you are by all the hoop-la about laboratories, tests, and medical claims. We agree: a cigarette is supposed to give you *pleasure*. Period.

And your *pleasure* is the sole aim of the advanced scientific techniques we use in the making of OLD GOLDS . . . the best, deepest, richest smoking pleasure you've ever found in a cigarette!

If that's what you're after . . . if top-quality tobaccos at the peak of flavor are your idea of a perfect cigarette . . . then OLD GOLDS are your answer. Try 'em—for your pleasure's sake.

Made by *Lorillard*, a famous name in tobacco for nearly 200 years



If you want a TREAT
instead of a TREATMENT
...smoke **O.G.s!**

WOLVES' GALLERY



The High-Pressure Type. The chatter doesn't matter, but that million candlepower smile jolts the dolls into insensibility. Smiles of this voltage, naturally, are not generally the property of guys who ignore "pink tooth brush." If your tooth brush "shows pink," see the dentist. He may tell you that today's soft foods are robbing your gums of exercise. And, as so many dentists do, he may suggest "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."



The St. Bernard Type. He's just around. He just sits there looking soulful. Which isn't much. But smiling. Which is plenty. Because this Joe knows about Ipana. He knows it not only cleans teeth. He knows that Ipana, with massage, is specially designed to help the gums. Try massaging Ipana on your gums when you brush your teeth. You'll help yourself (as he does) to healthier gums and sounder, brighter teeth. Try Ipana. Friend.



Start today
with - **IPANA AND MASSAGE**

SHADOW SILHOUETTE (continued from page 21)

"Come here. I'll try to show you just what I mean."

Friday moved over to where Barker had been sitting.

"There," said Barker, "you see your shadow on the wall?"

Friday nodded.

"Now I move the paper until your shadow is on it, see? Then I draw a line around it."

The map maker drew a strong, heavy line around his guide's shadow and handed him the piece of paper.

"Do you understand?" he asked.

"Me understand," said Friday.

"All right, now I'll sit here where you're sitting." Barker presented his profile to the wall. "Here's another piece of paper; do what I just did with . . . the shadow that's different."

Friday took the piece of paper and held it to the wall. Then, with the pencil, he carefully traced the outline. When he had finished, he proudly handed it to Barker. Barker looked at it with a mild curiosity; then slowly his expression changed and he examined the shadow drawing with a vicious scrutiny.

"Is this what you saw; is this the other shadow? I don't believe it . . ." Barker's voice was loud, excited.

Then, as if to top Barker's voice, came the crack of a rifle. Friday snatched his own rifle from the ground. A fraction of a second later it went off and there was the dull thud of a body falling from a tree near-by. Then all was silence.

The guide smiled. "Friday get 'im," he said and turned to his master. It was then that he noticed the dark stain growing on the pocket of Barker's dungaree jacket. Friday leaped to his side and started to tear open the buttons.

"Afraid there's not much we can do, Friday." Barker's voice was husky and slow. "Get me . . . a cigaret . . . from my side pocket."

Friday complied with his master's wish.

"Got a match?" Barker smiled.

Friday lit his cigaret.

"Listen, Friday . . . get this; take back all the notes . . . I made tonight . . . and take this picture you drew."

He groped at his feet — Friday picked it up for him, "Take this back with you . . . and . . ."

"Tuan . . . tuan . . . ?"

Friday was holding Barker by the shoulders; his master slumped against the wall where he had been sitting.

The cigaret fell from Barker's lips. Barker was dead.

FRIDAY eased his master to the ground slowly, gently, fondly. For a long moment he sat there in silence; then he covered him with his blanket. He picked up Barker's notes, put them in his own pack, threw it over his shoulder, slung his rifle and stood there beside the blanket-covered body, forlorn, sad.

Then he stooped down and picked up the shadow picture he had drawn and slowly . . . to himself: "What he say? Take back . . ." He folded it carefully and put it with the notes. Abruptly he turned and began his silent, lonely trek back to camp.

The next morning the CO sat in his roughly fashioned office and pondered over a letter. It contained some official papers, some clippings and two photographs. He turned over the papers and clippings and called to a lieutenant across the room.

"I'd like you to look at something," he said.

"Why, one of those is a picture of . . ." The lieutenant seemed surprised.

"Exactly," the CO added, "Barker."

There was a knock at the door.

"That will be Barker's guide; he came back alone last night. We need a new map maker." To the closed door, the CO said, "Come in."

The door opened and there stood Friday. He advanced slowly to the desk. In one hand were Barker's notes; in the other, the shadow silhouette.

"Did you bring back your master's notes?" asked the CO.

"Yes, tuan, and this," replied the guide.

"What is it?" asked the CO.

Slowly and carefully, drawing on practically his entire vocabulary, Friday told the CO about the shadows and how he had drawn the picture.

"Let me see."

The CO reached for the picture. He placed it on the desk beside the two photographs; then he pointed to the three pictures.

"Look," he said to the lieutenant, "That photo is Barker; the other one matches the shadow drawing. It's a photo of the man Barker killed."

Barker was wanted for murder.

END



G YRENE T YNGLES

TARAWA

While a million stars were flirting in
a firmament of blue,
Listless clouds went floating by, to
their shapeless form renew.
Was it base betrayal for peace to
rule within high heaven's space
While down below on martial earth,
Death beckoned to the chase?

War holds a bond 'twixt earth and
sky, where free men die to live
For the glory of their native land,
their lives to risk and give.
From within the stillness of the night
there came a mighty roar —
Of men and ships upon the march —
a dauntless, mighty Corps!

Tarawa, lonely Gilbert spot, was the
objective of this band;
Only a jutting Atoll — one bare
mile of rocky sand!
A crescent moon was hung aloft be-
fore the early dawn,
Sure sign of destined glory to our
determined warrior born?

There were brave men at Chapultepec
and Belleau Wood as well,
But the gallant men at Tarawa,
they really went through hell.
For every mother's son of them
went into the jaws of death,
Knowing the wind had shifted —
"Dear God!" they prayed with
panting breath!

Tarawa Atoll *must* be captured, —
the order ran, in quotes,
But that shoal around the island —
it flowed far too shallow for
Higgins boats.
Horrible dilemma — a tragic para-
dox of Fate,
To discover you are off the shore a
good thousand feet too late!

Sure, an umbrellaed ceiling of burst-
ing shells from planes and ships
covered the attempt to take Tarawa
from the Nips,
But, tell me, do you think an um-
brella of bursting shot and shell
Is all you need to face Jap gunners
as your Buddy beside you fell?

When one's wading through a burst-
ing ocean, with equipment held
on high,
There are no shell-holes in the water;
it's forward, march — or die!
And the progress through that hell-
ish ocean was slow motion,
without zest,
While machine guns ripped, and
mortar fire pocked water, to
kill our best.

And the blue Pacific churned the
redder with blood of Yankee
youth,
As history wrote the record bald
'gainst a hostile foe uncouth.
A myriad band of Devil Dogs fell,
shot, and floated, dead,
On a tropic sea, where heroes
dropped to mantle its ocean bed.

And yet those gallant Leathernecks
strode on — they couldn't stop,
"Tarawa Atoll *must* be captured"
— they must get through or
drop!
So their glorious, gallant pals swung,
lifeless on a jagged coral reef —

Like helpless, slaughtered cattle,
dangling from hooks like sides
of beef.

They inched their way to a distant
shore that seemed like miles
away,
Grimly determined to plant our
flag, and there remain, to stay.
Then hardwon the beachhead was
cemented, by that gallant Devil
Dog Corps,
But two thousand heroes, sacrificed,
lay prone on the sandy shore.

Oh, God in Heaven, what a price to
pay for just a little Atoll,
Because the Fates had played them
false, attempting to reach their
goal!
Then the boys crawled over the
barricades that were strewn
along the beach,
Through barbed wire entanglements,
their target safe to reach.

While vomiting Jap machine guns
coughed and spat untimely
death,
The Marines had landed! — Now
they stopped to catch a second
breath!
The island was a rubble of palm
trees stripped by deadly fire,
Where our guns had raked and torn
and started the enemy to retire.

From hidden, heavily entrenched
positions we had to drive our
foes,
With dumped torpedoes which ex-
ploded midst eerie shrieking
woes
A flame thrower hurled its deadly
streak — the fire curled up the
Jap
Like a piece of sizzling celluloid and
left a gaping gap.

Never a horrified dawn had broken to
behold such a ghastly scene,
At low ebb tide the coral was crowded
with gallant dead Marines.
Ah — but these were not cadavers
of dead and forgotten men —
No, dear God — they were Yankee
spirits who would live to fight
again!

They stood beside their buddies, for
seventy-six hot, blistering hours,
They turned defeat to Victory,
through their new-expended
spiritual powers!
Tarawa Atoll *must* be captured!
The order ran, in quotes —
"Tarawa Atoll *has been cap-
tured!*" And the starry ban-
ner floats!

Ah, yes, it had cost two thousand
lives to take this speck of land,
Two thousand strong of America's
best who'd made a glorious
stand!
A tearful, wondering, world went
mute — such bravery displayed,
And tearfully paid tribute to blood's
trade-mark that they'd made.

A trade-mark to emblazon every
corridor of Time,
Tarawa is the heroic symbol, and
with Tarawa it needs much
rhyme!
How proud indeed these men must
feel who died on that bloody
scene,
To hear their Buddies still proclaim
" . . . Just a fighting-mad
Marine!"

*Respectfully dedicated to the
gallant officers and men of the
U. S. Marine Corps. Commemo-
rating the anniversary of their
famous battle on the Gilbert
Islands, November 22, 1943.*

by Norman Rankow

Pfc. Casanova-



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Friend? A handsome head of hair will help
correct this regrettable situation. And Vitalis and
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As follows: 50 seconds to massage Vitalis on
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Sometimes you can break a good rule!

It's usually a wise rule not to plan a chicken dinner before the eggs are hatched.

But not always!

If the "chicken dinner" represents your future, and the "eggs" are financial nest eggs—go ahead and plan!

Especially if your nest eggs are U. S. Bonds—all the War Bonds you have bought—all the Savings Bonds you are buying. For your government guarantees that these will hatch out in just 10 years.

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them the safest, surest way to save money . . . and they've proved that buying Bonds on the Payroll Savings Plan is the easiest way to pile up dollars that anyone ever thought of.

So keep on buying Savings Bonds. Buy them at banks, post offices, or on the Payroll Plan. You'll be building real financial security for yourself, your family, and your business.

Best of all, you can count your chickens before they're hatched . . . plan exactly the kind of future you want, and get it!

SAVE THE EASY WAY... BUY YOUR BONDS THROUGH PAYROLL SAVINGS

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SOUND OFF (cont.)

CITATIONS FOR THE FIFTH

Sirs:

I have been reading *Leatherneck* for a long time but as yet have not seen much about my division—the Fifth.

I would like to know what units in the Fifth received the Navy or Presidential Unit Citation? We were always told that the Fifth was credited with having taken 51 per cent of Iwo Jima. Is this officially sound?

A Civilian Marine
Kingston, N. Y.

● *The Fifth Division did not actually take 51 per cent of Iwo Jima and official records do not support this contention. The First Battalion, Twenty-sixth Marines, the Twenty-seventh and Twenty-eighth Marine Regiments and reinforcing units were awarded the Presidential Unit Citation. No elements of the division won the Navy Unit Citation.* — Ed.

AIR MEDAL RECOMMENDATION

Sirs:

I would like to know whom I can contact concerning an Air Medal that is due me. Not that I am "ribbon happy," but it's just the principle of the thing.

When we left our squadron on Okinawa to come Stateside, our CO, Major D. Bangart, distinctly stated that we had been recommended for Air Medals. That was a year ago. We have all been discharged now. Just recently I met my old pilot and a fellow gunner. They had received authorizations for the Air Medal. That is the part which I cannot understand.

I flew with my pilot on every mission and with other pilots as well and have more than enough missions to my credit for the award. Please advise me concerning this matter.

Ex-Corporal R. Stintzcum, Jr.
Fullerton, Calif.

● *Recommendations for citations do not necessarily mean that approval will be forthcoming. Although you may have enough missions to qualify for the medal, the Marine Corps has never adopted the Army system of five missions per medal. We suggest that you write to the Division of Medals and Decorations, Headquarters Marine Corps, Navy Annex, Arlington, Va.* — Ed.

BOOK ABOUT THE SIXTH

Sirs:

. . . I would like to get some information on where to obtain a copy of Marine Corps publication, "Eighty-Four Days of Hell and Glory With the Sixth Marine Division." The publication was put out by Public Relations.

Please advise me through Sound Off if copies are available.

Edward H. Baum
Pascagoula, Miss.

● *The Office of Public Information has no record of such a book ever having been published.* — Ed.

FIRST DIVISION RIBBONS

Sirs:

I would appreciate some straight dope from you and the staff concerning the ribbons worn and definitely rated by men of the First Division who participated in actions at Cape Gloucester, Peleliu and Okinawa.

I was a rifleman and BARman through all three of the campaigns with a line company of the 3rd Battalion, Seventh Marines, and I don't think anyone in the outfit ever got squared away on just what ribbons he rated. As a division, the First saw more days of combat than any two others in the FMF, but on the average, the Second and Sixth Divisions wear more ribbons and stars.

Being a civilian now, I don't particularly care who wears what, but just for the sake of curiosity, I would like to know what I actually rated upon completion of my occupation duty in China.

Upon discharge, I was told not to go out the gate without a Unit Citation ribbon. Later, the brass told me not to wear it without a star. I wasn't . . . one of the originals at the Canal, so consequently I don't rate either the ribbon or the star.

Now, who gave out that order to wear the citation ribbon in the first place? I took a last thankful look at the gate and came home wearing the Asiatic Pacific ribbon with four stars. They said I rated it but I'd be afraid to bet on the subject.

One thing further—did we or did we not have an airborne outfit make a combat jump? I work with a soldier of the 503rd Airborne. He says that only three jumps were made in the Pacific and his outfit made all three of them. He avers Marine paratroopers never made a jump. Just what is the dope?

Rey Tracy
Los Angeles, Calif.

● *You rate the Presidential Unit Citation with a star—not for Guadalcanal since you weren't there—but for Okinawa, for service with the Seventh Regiment. You rate only threestars on your Asiatic-Pacific ribbon for action at Cape Gloucester, Peleliu and Okinawa. As yet, no ribbon has been authorized for service in China by either Navy or Marine Corps. The Army has authorized an occupation ribbon for Japan, but so far no Navy ribbon has come out.*

Concerning the Paramarines, better give in to the Army. The Marines never made a combat jump. They were used at Tulagi and Bougainville, but hit the beaches like everybody else. — Ed.



OLD SANDS VS. OLD SALTS

Sirs:

Sound Off? O.K., I will. In reading the letter written by Gene Pendergast (August issue), he stated he found an article which was the only one written by a Marine in some time. (Pendergast did a bit of reminiscing about China in answer to another letter from Gus Council published in April *Leatherneck*. — Ed.)

Who does he think he is? The letters published in Sound Off are from Marines who went from the front to the back side of hell in the five past years.

Maybe we didn't get the salt of China in our dungarees, but we did get a lot of Nips on Guadalcanal, Tarawa, and a few other places. Why shouldn't we be entitled to be called Marines?

Just because we are old sands instead of old salts is no reason why we should sit back and listen to the old Marines tell of the wonderful time they had in China.

Charles H. Swett
Shreveport, La.

POETRY LOVER'S COMPLAINT

Sirs:

Leatherneck is tops and I never miss a copy. However, I have noticed in the past few issues that there hasn't been a single poem published. I always did like that page and I feel that many other readers feel the same about it. I would like to see the poems continued.

Walter A. Arnold
Macon, Ga.

• Due to the demands on space by more timely material, especially articles, "Gyrene Gyngles" has been left out of *Leatherneck's* recent issues. A good stock of interesting poetry has come in and the page is resumed in this issue. — Ed.



BACKING UP THE BEES

Sirs:

In August Sound Off, ex-Sergeant Frank Andrul read off present-day boots about their slanderous remarks so unjustly leveled at the Seabees.

This is to inform all interested parties that my opinions, although I never saw line duty, are in complete accord with those expressed by Mr. Andrul. (Andrul informed 45 pointers that like the Marines of today, the Bees are not the same outfit as of wartime. He said Bee-Corps friendship was forged not in bars but on boats and islands in the heat of battle and mentioned that a Seabee camp was a place where food and help was never refused. — Ed.)

I spent three years in the wartime "Old Corps" and can testify to the relationships mentioned by the ex-sergeant.

Hats off to the Bees and may Corps-Bee relations forever remain on an even keel.

Ex-PFC Joseph C. James, Jr.
Denton Tex.

RETIRED MARINES' HAVEN

Sirs:

I have just completed twenty-three and a half years with the Marine Corps and am now out on a twenty, living at Gore, Va. I have purchased membership in the Great North Mountain Hunting and Fishing Club and think the project is a wonderful thing. If there are any of my old buddies who would be interested in a fine place to live after they retire, I would take great pleasure in helping them in any way that I can. This goes for either officers or enlisted, for we have all been a long way together.

I am a member of the club's Board of Trustees.

John E. Cornell
Gore, Va.

• The Great North Mountain Hunting and Fishing Club was founded by F. R. Williams, Amherst, Va., retired sportsman. It comprises 7300 acres of Alleghany and Blue Ridge mountain land, accessible by a mile and one half of crushed rock road which rises to 2800 feet overlooking Gore. Life memberships—\$200 for a family of two and \$250 for a family of three or more—will be held open until 250 have been obtained. If the membership roster is closed by December 1 of this year, Mr. Williams will donate a \$5000 clubhouse to the organization. — Ed.

SERVICE BIRTHDAYS

Sirs:

I am seeking some information which I believe you can give me.

The question is — which is the older branch of the Armed Services, the Army or the Marine Corps?

Odie B. Warren
Owensboro, Ky.

• The Army is the oldest of all our branches of the service. It was organized June 15, 1775, followed by the Navy October 13 and the Marine Corps November 10. — Ed.

MASCOT OF THE FOURTH

Sirs:

In the July issue of *Leatherneck* an article appeared about "Jiggs" and a few other dogs. Do you know what happened to "Soochow," regimental mascot of the Old Fourth? He was captured with the men of the Fourth Marines on Corregidor May 6, 1942.

This dog ate what little rice that the other POWs could spare. As food became scarcer, some of the fellows who were already eating anything they could get their hands on looked at Soochow with hungry eyes.

I would like to know if Soochow made it back to the States with the survivors of his regiment?

S/Sgt. J. Perlman
Camp Lejeune, N. C.

• Soochow's "ups and downs" in the Corps will be covered in a future issue of *Leatherneck*. Thanks for your thunder. — Ed.

TURN PAGE

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FROM: (rank) (first name) (initial) (last name) (serial no.)
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(highest education completed, and name and address of school)

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MAIL TO

MARINE CORPS INSTITUTE

Marine Barracks, 8th and I Sts., S.E., Washington 25, D. C.

SOUND OFF (cont.)

ALL HAD A PART

Sirs:

I have to laugh to myself every time I read Sound Off; it sure sounds like home. You see I am a mother of three — two boys and a girl, and we argue quite a lot about the different branches of the service. I always hold out that the Marines are tops. It seems that every beachhead in the Pacific was taken and held by Marines. Whenever there was a job to be done they sent the Leathernecks; their casualties show that.

My daughter, lately a senior in high school, gives credit to the Air Corps. My sons say: "Mom, who would have landed the Marines had it not been for the Navy? Also who dropped the bomb on Hiroshima? What was the Coast Guard doing all the time, and will keep right on doing?" But I still hold out for the Marines.

I followed them from Pearl Harbor to Okinawa. My heart was with every mother's son. Maybe I should add my two sons were in the Marine Corps, too. One enlisted in September, 1940, was at Pearl Harbor on December 7, 1941, and went through the war to November 5, 1945.

The younger son, age 17, went overseas after 12 weeks at Parris Island. Both took part in the Okinawa campaign, First Division, 5th Marines, and Sixth Division, 29th Marines. But they are both home now. Thank God for their safe return.

I will never forget the sacrifice made by the boys (of all services) who gave their lives so that I might live in a free country. Now come on boys, quit beating your gums. No matter what service you were in, you were still 100 per cent OK. What the heck, we're all good Americans.

Mrs. Alma Hoppus

Warsaw, Ind.

U. S.-JAP MONEY EXCHANGE

Sirs:

I was a member of the Sixth Engineers serving at Okinawa and also a member of the Tokyo Bay Occupation Force (TF 31), which landed August 30, 1945.

While in Japan, I was paid in Japanese money and still have about \$25 worth and would like to know where to convert it into American dollars.

Wilson Marshall, Jr.

Rhinebeck, N. Y.

● *To convert Japanese money into American currency, write to the Quartermaster General (disbursing branch), Headquarters Marine Corps, Washington 25, D. C.*

Before any action can be taken, it will be necessary to furnish Headquarters with an affidavit, subscribed and sworn to before a notary public, covering the following points:

(1) *Date or dates of receipt of yen currency.*

(2) *Name of person or persons from whom the yen currency was received.*

(3) *Nature of the transaction which resulted in your receipt of such currency.*—Ed.

ABOUT DECEASED MARINES

Sirs:

I read in the August *Leatherneck* that the Marine Corps intends to bring back the remains of deceased Marines. Is it really true that this is being done, and if so, when? I have been waiting nearly two years for the body of my only son.

It would seem that our government has forgotten about our sons who gave their lives and the feelings of their parents. Why has the delay gone on so long? Is it because we need the boats to bring back the brides from foreign lands to America first?

Please publish this in Sound Off. There are plenty of mothers who would like to know the answers to these questions.

Mrs. Sarah E. Watson

Hamilton, Ohio.

● *Return of bodies of deceased Marines, as well as Army and Navy personnel, will be carried out according to plans set up by the Secretary of War. As soon as machinery is ready, letters will be sent out automatically to all next of kin. This will be done, regardless of any previous communications or expression of desires. Until the War Department's plans are released to all the services, Casualty Division of Headquarters Marine Corps, Washington, D. C., feels that further communication on the subject is unnecessary.*

The burden of returning war brides on our transportation system is practically nil. It must be remembered that there are many, many more deceased servicemen to be returned to this country than there are brides. When the time comes, transportation facilities are expected to be ample for both.—Ed.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN

Sirs:

... As a sister of a Marine killed on Iwo Jima, will you please give me space for the following "Sound Off."

I take this means of finding a Marine who has no sister; one who would like to correspond with a girl who is very lonely since the loss of her brother... Pvt. James E. Stewart of the Third Division. I miss the time I spent writing to him, making cookies and cakes for him, telling him all the interesting news. I would like to find someone for whom I could do these things again.

If some Marine about 20 or 22 years of age is interested, please write me. I am 17, brown hair, blue eyes, five-feet-seven and one-half inches tall and weigh 125 pounds. I am interested in all types of sports and a full-blooded "Georgia Cracker."

Dorothy Stewart

R.F.D. 1, Hazelhurst, Ga.

● *Knowing Marines as we do, something tells us that your local mailman is not going to appreciate this.*—Ed.

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WHAT 500 MARINES THINK

Sirs:

When the members of these commands (Marine Fighting Squadrons 461, 225 and 114) read that the Quartermaster, Marine Corps, contemplates changing our present uniforms, many of us intended to write to Sound Off about it. However, each of us felt that an individual letter would not hold much weight and decided there would be plenty of letters coming in about the proposed change. Astounded to see only one letter on the subject in the last issue of *Leatherneck*, we got together and decided to write in behalf of three squadrons comprising approximately 500 Marines.

As far as the change in blues is concerned, we do not much care, although some of us heartily endorse the idea of adding pockets to the blouse. But right there is where our complacency ends. Please, don't change our greens. That is the uniform for which we enlisted. This does not express the opinion of myself only, but the opinions of many of the Old Salts (our sergeants major and others). The least salty of the bunch has 12 years in the Corps. We like our greens and don't want them changed. . . .

Our uniform is snappy and flashy. You can tell a Marine by the cut of his uniform, even if you were color blind. The new uniform will do away with our barracks caps also and that is nothing short of calamity.

In conclusion, we want to say that we favor one uniform change, that one being in our khaki. Why can't we have our old greens, our new blouses and a set of khaki like the officers get? That would be our idea of a well-dressed Marine.

Five Hundred Marines
Cherry Point, N. C.

• The change in Marine Corps uniform has been authorized by the Commandant. It is entirely possible that you and your buddies will be wearing the new uniform by the time you read this *Sound Off*. — Ed.

WRONG DOPE

Sirs:

I think your idea for publishing the current mailing list of all discharged Marines is great. It will bring a lot of old buddies back together again.

I have been going through magazines, letters and photograph albums looking for addresses of fellows I knew before going overseas, but have run into a brick wall. I will be looking forward to the issue which brings this new idea into being.

Horace B. Chapman
Headquarters, Marine Corps
Washington, D. C.

• You may have misunderstood our source of material for the Address Information column. Addresses are not being taken from our current mailing list. We merely attempt to locate addresses upon request by letters to our *Sound Off* department. The name and last-known full address of the person sought should be included, if possible, in each letter. — Ed.

THE JOLLIES SAY THANKS

Sirs:

May I express, through your columns, the gratitude of the Royal Marine Detachment of *HMS Swiftsure*, for the kindness, hospitality, generosity and cooperation we received from the various elements of the USMC [which] we had the privilege and pleasure of meeting during our tour of duty in the Pacific, China and Japan.

We have now left the Pacific area for the East Indies, prior to returning home in England; and it is doubtful if we shall have many more connections with the Corps before our "paying off" day arrives.

We have met U. S. Marines in Manus, Ulithi, Leyte — during the war — and in Yokohama, Sasebo, Nagasaki and Kago-shima. Ah! How well we remember the USMC's 170th birthday celebrations there. At Shanghai, we met them off the *USS Chicago* and the *USS Bremerton*. It was at Tsingtao and Chinwangtao that the Marines really showed us what they could do. But on both occasions, our time was so short that it was one complete whirl of engagements. It was at Peking — memories of the Boxer Rebellion arise there — that we had such a lovely time around the old and ever modern sights of the city.

Wherever we went we always found that the same spirit of brotherhood prevailed between the two Corps. We were always impressed by the cheerfulness with which you fellows tackled the particular job on hand at the time. So on behalf of the detachment, I extend our heartfelt and grateful thanks to all who helped us in whatever capacity, large or small. Best of luck and good sailing. R. F. Shorre, Mno.

HMS Swiftsure

• We seem to remember several occasions when *His Majesty's Jollies* rolled out the welcome mat for U. S. Marines. — Ed.

GETTING A SERVICE RIFLE

Sirs:

Is there any way I can get an .03 rifle like the one I had in the service? How should I go about it and where should I apply?

A buddy of mine would like to get one also, so any information you can give us on the matter would be greatly appreciated.

George Greytak
Stratford, Conn.

• Only members of the *National Rifle Association* can obtain .03 rifles from the government. If you are a member, you can make out an order blank with your NRA membership card attached and send it to the *Director of Civilian Marksmanship*, Washington, D. C. When approved, the DCM will send you an approved order, return your card, and advise you what arsenal to send the order to, along with your money order. The rifles are sold for \$58.11, which includes tax and packing charges. — Ed.

TURN PAGE

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SOUND OFF (cont.)

ROTATION FOR REGULARS

Sirs:

... Is there any truth to the scuttlebutt of rotation for regulars overseas 18 months? If a man holds a C.P. warrant and spec number and is with a line company, can he request a transfer to a signal outfit and what would be his chance of getting it?

Speaking for myself and the fellows of our outfit who enjoyed the *Leatherneck* overseas while the war was on, we wish to convey our sincere thanks for a job well done. We only wish that the magazine could have gone right on with its publication, at the same time realizing that with the end of the war and reduction of men overseas, it was hardly possible. We thank you again for being such a great help to all the Marines out here in the Pacific.

PFC George I. Mulligan, Jr.
FPO San Francisco, Calif.

● It has been the policy of the Marine Corps to bring a man back from overseas after from 18 to 24 months service. However, there is no definite rotational system since each individual case is contingent upon different factors, the main one being whether the man is needed at his particular post. As for a transfer, anyone may put in such a request, which in turn is subject to the approval or disapproval of his commanding officer.

For the reasons which you suggest, *Leatherneck* discontinued its Pacific Edition the first of this year. Perhaps that is where you picked up the erroneous idea that it was now defunct. The end of the war did not break its twenty-nine year publication record. Subscription to the present edition of *Leatherneck* can be obtained overseas through Ships Service or the Post Exchange. The magazine's only Pacific representatives are now a writer and photographer in China. — Ed.

CONCEDING A POINT

Sirs:

... A dud is scored against the *Leatherneck* caption writer in connection with the article, "Sailing of the Tarawa," June, '46 issue. One of the photographs shows two SB2C Helldivers described in the caption as "fighters." They call them bombers aboard their carrier. Unquestionably, they can do plenty of fighting. Their war role as bombers, however, was much more impressive ... Their box score will show much more Jap shipping sunk than Zeros shot down.

T. C. Ritchie, Jr., ART 3 c
USS *Antietam* CV-36

● The caption writer has been instructed to brush up on his aircraft recognition. — Ed.

UNDERAGE ENLISTERS

Sirs:

In one of your last year's issues, I read an article concerning the possibility of 17-year-old enlistees being discharged upon request when they reach the age of 21. I have looked into the matter and haven't been able to find confirmation of a statement to that effect.

It may help you to know that I enlisted for a four-year hitch in April, 1945. At that time it wasn't possible in Detroit, my place of enlistment, to join the Reserves.

I hope that you can either square me away or refer me to somebody who can.

PFC Victor L. Brooks
First Marine Division.

● Since the Marine Corps does not have minority cruises, you will have to serve until April, 1949, when your hitch will be up. — Ed.



ITINERARY OF 94th SEABEES

Sirs:

Just read in your Sound Off column, February issue ... the comment of PFC William A. Palmer that the 94th Naval Construction Battalion was at Okinawa.

The 94th went overseas from Virginia in December, 1943, and arrived on Oahu, January 10, 1944. They stayed on Red Hill until September of '44, then shipped out to Guam. They were still there when I left Guam last October. I don't see how they could have been in two places at the same time.

I happened to be interested in that outfit because my oldest brother was in it from the time he finished boot training until he was discharged.

PFC H. H. Craddock
San Diego, Calif.

● The 94th Naval Construction Battalion was never on Okinawa as a unit. It was formed in May, 1943, and trained at Camp Endicott, R. I. From January 10 to September 19, 1944, the unit was at Pearl Harbor. On October 17, '44, it went to Guam and joined with the Fortieth Regiment which formed in November. The new unit remained on Guam through the surrender to November 20, 1944, when it was inactivated and personnel transferred to Navy 926 and various units of the Fifth Battalion. Some scattered individuals of the old 94th may have been on Okinawa, but certainly not with their original unit. — Ed.

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CREDIT THE SECOND

Sirs:

While I was looking through the *Leatherneck* for April, I saw a picture with the caption: "This picture taken at Garapan, shows the type of fighting the Fourth participated in on Saipan." My first thought was, what a mistake! But on a second thought I see that it was just used as an example. As I recall it was the First and Third Battalions of the Second Marines that was assigned to Garapan town.

I am not given to griping or honking, but I would like to know why the "History of the Second Division" was buried in the back of the magazine, while the histories of the more publicized divisions were put near the front. All of which brings up another point.

I would also like a definite explanation of why the Fourth Division, and I grant that they earned it, was awarded the Presidential Unit Citation while the Second Division was hardly mentioned in battles of Saipan and Tinian?

If any of the old men of the First Battalion, Second Marines happen to see this, I would appreciate hearing from them. To the rest of the Leathernecks, everywhere — the best of luck.

ex-Sgt. Maj. John Bowler
Los Angeles, Cal.

● The *Leatherneck's* original intention was to print histories of the six Marine divisions in the overseas editions, running them with huge two-page color illustrations. After the histories of the First and Second divisions had been so handled the Pacific *Leatherneck* was discontinued. Meanwhile, back-of-the-book reprints of these two histories had been carried in the corresponding Stateside editions. The histories of the Third and Fourth divisions received a little different treatment, since the work of artists John Clymer and Tom Lovell was no longer available. The stories of the Fifth and Sixth divisions, yet to appear, will receive treatment similar to that of the Third and Fourth.

The PUC was presented to the Fourth Division in accordance with recommendations from FMFPAC. — Ed.

BOOTS ALSO PROUD

Sirs:

I read somewhere in *The Leatherneck* that some sergeant major wrote that new recruits do not have any pride in the Marine Corps.

Well, I want to sound off a little myself. I have seen plenty of new recruits who have as much, or more, pride in the Marine Corps than this sergeant major.

Will you please inform the NCOs that all new men aren't draft-dodgers as he seems to think.

Pvt. Williams
Parris Island, S. C.

BRIGADE COMMUNICATORS

Sirs:

In the May issue of *Leatherneck*, there was an article submitted by some "poor boys" who are suffering through radio operator's school at the Philadelphia Navy Yard. Upon reading this article, we radio operators of the 3rd Battalion, First Special Marine Brigade, just had to answer them.

All of us are graduates of the same school, class No. 3. If they think they are bad off now, they should have been with us on recent maneuvers in Cuba and Puerto Rico. We not only had to listen to code continually, but we carried the radios it was received on, too.

We sympathize with those poor radio operators, and really feel sorry for them. Just wait until they graduate and are transferred into some outfit where there are no scheduled hours for classes.

And if they have to make any landings with a TBX, or 300 plus packs, well... we hate to think of the results.

Many of the men here in camp are putting in applications for radio school. Others, who have the opportunity to learn radio, don't appreciate it.

We hope these boys read this and realize that they are not alone in the field of radio operators.

Some Radio Operators
Camp Lejeune, N. C.



A CHANGE IS DESIRED

Sirs:

As some children dream of becoming doctors, lawyers, engineers, etc., I dreamed of becoming a Marine. When the war broke out I wanted to enlist, but my parents kept talking me into first graduating from high school.

Within a few days of my graduation I went to the recruiting office to enlist. I was turned down because of my eyesight. When I became 18 years of age I was drafted.

When asked my choice of the Army, Navy or Marines — I naturally requested the Marines. The clerk grinned as he stamped a big red "Army" on my papers.

Nevertheless, I want to become a Marine. I hope that you will be able to tell me how I can get into the Marines. Or, if I can be discharged from the Army for the purpose of enlisting in the Corps. (I have only eight months service in the Army.)

Is there any angle I can use to wrangle myself into the Marines from the Army.

[Name withheld]
Fort Dix, N. J.

● There is no provision for your transferring from the Army to the Marine Corps. All we can advise is that you sweat out your Army service, and then, upon discharge, apply for enlistment in the Marine Corps. — Ed. **TURN PAGE**

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SOUND OFF (cont.)

THE SEAGOING MARINES

Sirs:

As a subscriber to your magazine, I would like to express an opinion for myself and some 30 other Marines, if not more.

Since I have been reading *Leatherneck*, I have never run across an article (only a line or two) about the seagoing Marines. Most people don't actually know that there are Marines aboard a ship — only to go overseas. A few have heard that there are some aboard battleships, cruisers and carriers, but have never heard of Marines stationed aboard a troop transport. In fact, my own parents couldn't understand what I was doing at sea.

This ship we are on has traveled around the world in its short career of two years. In all that time, it never once had an escort of any kind. We have hauled just about everything — troops, women of the War Department, Army nurses, Korean prisoners, and Jap repatriates from the States to Japan.

This may not seem like very much to many of the Marines who have seen rough action on the islands; but to us and others who have seen us and know of our work, we are credited with having done an efficient job.

What I am trying to get at is that if in the future your magazine could show the life and duties of Marines aboard a transport... it would serve to enlighten a lot of people about seagoing Marines.

PFC Robert L. Miller
Marine Detachment,
USS Gen. O. H. Ernst

● *Stories and articles about seagoing Marines have appeared in past issues of Leatherneck, although not in the inclusive form which you suggest. We agree that one part of the Marine Corps ought to know how the other part lives.*
— Ed.

ABOUT DISCHARGES

Sirs:

I am a discharged Marine, with former service in Headquarters Squadron, Fourth Marine Air Wing. I would like some information about my discharge papers.

On the back of the discharge, under service (sea and foreign), it says: "South Pacific Area, December 24, 1943 to —; Central Pacific Area, — to October 29, 1944." Due to unavoidable war conditions the information on this discharge is incomplete.

Do you think that I should let the papers ride as they are, or get the other information put on them?

I would also like to know if there ever was a special shoulder patch for Headquarters Squadron of the Fourth Marine Air Wing.

Al Barauski

DeKalb, Ill.

● *Send your discharge to Headquarters, Marine Corps, Discharge Section, Washington, D. C., and they will complete the data pertaining to your sea and foreign service.*

There never was a special patch for Headquarters Squadron. — Ed.

SWORDS TO FLOWSHARES

Sirs:

I was one of the Marines of the First Division who was sent to China as part of the Honor Guard for acceptance of the Japanese surrender. Now I have in my possession one of the famous Samurai officer swords. It means a lot to me, but not as much as having a home for my family.

I read in *Leatherneck* about a Marine being offered \$1500 for a similar sword and it gave me the idea that I would like to sell my souvenir to the highest bidder.

My family includes three sets of twins and a baby daughter. Maybe that will clear up why I would sell my sword for a down payment on a home. Your column is the only way I could think of to contact someone who might want the sword as badly as I want that home for my family.

Dennis L. Henke

Ewing, Nebr.

Sirs:

I saw in one of your magazines where a Samurai sword could have been sold for \$1500. Do you know if I could sell the one we have? My son fought with the Fifth Marines on Iwo Jima and obtained the sword from a Japanese officer. The weapon has a history behind it and is an exact duplicate of the sword pictured in your magazine. My son is home now and in great need of money.

Mrs. Annette Farber
Chicago, Ill.

● *The market for Samurai swords is not what it used to be. During the war, the best market for souvenirs was among those troops whose duties did not give them a chance to pick up such mementos — Naval and air crew personnel mainly. That was during the early days of the war when men had plenty of money and nothing to spend it on.*
— Ed.

LONGEST CORPORAL'S TIME

Sirs:

Your June issue of *Leatherneck* carried a Sound Off from a Marine claiming to be senior corporal. We have a Marine here, Corporal C. L. Stevens, who holds a warrant dating from February 17, 1942, which gives him four years, four months and two days straight corporal's time at the date of this writing.

If anyone else can beat this time, we would like to hear about it.

PFC M. J. Kwiecinski
Washington, D. C.

WANTED — SHOULDER PATCHES

Sirs:

Not very long ago I was a "Corps happy" WR stationed at Parris Island. I was pretty well on my way with a shoulder patch collection when the points for discharge suddenly came down. Now I find myself with an incomplete collection and a slim chance of finishing it. *Leatherneck* being my only remaining contact with the Marine Corps, I'm appealing to Sound Off for help.

Virginia L. Minshall
317 Ridge Avenue,
State College, Pa.



Baurtine

Mealathon in TIENTSIN

Sgt. John W. Chapman
Marine Corps Correspondent

This Chinese delicacy, a chicken's head, was found in the murky depths of a chow bowl. It left Mann cold

THERE are those of us who are prejudiced in believing that the unsung heroes of Tientsin's Marines are the ones who have been brave enough to tackle a Chinese dinner and fight it through to the last of 21 courses, armed, mind you, with nothing more formidable than a medium-sized stomach, two frail chopsticks and a hot bath towel.

In this opinion the writer concurs with three other stalwarts of Major General Keller E. Rockey's Third Amphibious Corps. They are Master Technical Sergeant Louis L. Louft, Silver Spring, Md.; Corporal Calvin E. "Red" Mann of Glendale, Calif.; and PFC Jack A. Frost of Los Angeles, Calif., all photographers in the Corps Public Information Section.

Frankly, the four of us have since agreed that the towel should have been thrown in following the first round, or course, as it is politely referred to in the best eating circles. It really wasn't a boxing match, but if the gloves had been placed on the table we undoubtedly would have eaten them and made approving expressions at our host, Mr. Miao, who beamed throughout the meal to advertise the fact that he is a manufacturer of neon signs.

On the other hand, neither was it a social engagement in the strictest sense. For when one faces a boa constrictor, even a half-baked one, he finds himself fighting hard against an insistent urge to lay down his chopsticks and retreat. Suffice it to say we upheld Marine Corps tradition against overwhelming odds, and ends.

But let us begin at the beginning, which, in China, means at least enough tea to float an LCT. This we

Four would-be China chow gourmands admit their mistake after 21 courses

had in a parlor in the rear of the Foo Hsiang department store, located in the ex-French concession, where our host introduced us to our competitors. These were a couple of unrelated Mr. Wangs and four other prominent Chinese businessmen whose names are of no consequence to this account.

The next move was toward the adjacent dining room. Here we looked upon the battleground—a large, round table loaded with colorful dishes and equally colorful foodstuffs. Also included was an audience numbering 25 friends of our fellow diners who passed up other diversions of ordinary nature to witness crossing of the chopsticks by simon-pure Leatherneck chow hounds and Chinese semipros.

Our friend and chief second, Mr. Miao, indoctrinated us in the use of chopsticks. The utensils are ten inches in length and are manipulated so as to grip the food in a viselike manner. Fie upon the man who crosses his sticks like rival centers at the start of a hockey match.

After a few practice parries and thrusts, we of the visiting team nodded our readiness. First, we saluted our competitors, then held up right-hand thumbs in a "ding hao" to the rooting section, which, incidentally, was betting all the leftover fish chips in the kitchen on the local aggregation. Knowing what we were in for, and being sympathetic, the stands grinned agreeably and chorused back, "ding hao."

The bout began with the pouring of two wines, one a heated sauterne in an average teacup and the other a white vintage in what looked to be a king-size China thimble.

The sauterne fouled out with a queer taste, but after one sip of the white wine we realized that the Chinese had all along known the formula for the atomic bomb. When the second drink hit bottom there wasn't one of us with anything but red corpuscles and a pink complexion. Mann, who is red-faced normally, turned a color the painting trade knows as burnt sienna.

"I'll have to tell my friend, the chemical warfare officer, about this stuff," he joked left-handedly as the tears ran, uncontrollably, from his eyes and went up in steam on his hot and puffing cheeks.

As the meal progressed we all turned to the white wine as a taste killer, but it had other magic powers. This was attested to by Lou Louft's handling the last course with only one chopstick and one hand tied behind him.

A little more confidently, we speared into the third course, Peking egg, and set to work. Unfortunately for our appetites, Mr. Miao explained that the egg is packed in a plaster cast made of mud and corn and left to sit out in the open for at least two years. Two thousand years would have sounded more correct, for the white had turned a deep brown and the yoke a dark purple. Censorship prohibits an adequate description of the taste.

Huge platters of chicken and a baked fish of great size and questionable antecedents followed, in that order, and were done in quickly, the Chinese team losing several points of an advantage gained during the joust with the Peking eggs.

Somewhat encouraged, we visitors went on to tie the score in a salad bowl which contained fine strips of chicken, cucumber and a transparent vegetable that could well have been an albino string bean. A strong vinegar sauce saturated the concoction but was largely lost on us because Chinese chopstick manufacturers have not seen fit to equip their products with spoons.

The lotus seed soup caught us flat-footed like the "Statue of Liberty play." How were we to know that soup can be eaten or drunk, as you will, with chopsticks. However, we collected ourselves rapidly and, with deep soup bowls tilted at the proper angle to wide-open mouths, whipped the contents in with fast-beating motions of our chopsticks, creating no less a stir than the wake of a small outboard motorboat driving at top speed through a water-lily patch.

Courses nine, ten and eleven, respectively, consisted of a deep-sea cucumber fish which looked like a hollowed-out eel and was slippery enough to preclude masticating, a platter of crabs which saw us outscore the opposition in the best inning thus far, and a mammoth dish of mushrooms and green beans.

At the conclusion of this series, which marked

half time, the chunky cook who looked like a pint size edition of Ed "Strangler" Lewis was brought in to compute the score. This he did by observing the amount of splatter on the tablecloth in the vicinity of each plate.

Frost took advantage of the lull and somehow managed to escape to the alley for a few minutes. It is believed he punted off sides. He returned, white-faced, in time for the second-half kickoff, but one sip of the atomic bomb juice and he was in the pink again, raring to go—home.

At this point the hot towel mentioned at the beginning came into play. It went the rounds of the table, each of us taking a birdbath on its length until finally it could have been mistaken for a piece of the tablecloth which, in turn, could have been mistaken for a muddy gridiron in the third quarter.

Before continuing, the correspondent wishes to explain his inconsistency of metaphor—jumping, that is, from terminology of boxing to fencing to football, etc. We wish to establish the fact that the technique of any one sport is not sufficient to get one through a Chinese dinner.

The second half, or 11th inning, or whatever you may choose to call it, saw all of us scrambling at the same time in the large container of scrambled eggs and chopped cucumbers. Being well-trained in judo by the Corps, we Marines made our mark here. These were comparatively fresh eggs, perhaps not more than two weeks old.

NEXT came a dish of pork balls on which our quartet rolled into the lead, mumbling "semper fidelis" and spearing the rounded hamburgers with the dash of Bengal lancers. This was followed by two large fish covered with strips of onions, and octopus egg soup which tasted like half-cooked egg white in warm water.

This brought us down to the 15th course which resembled small hunks of Artgum eraser and was believed by us to be some kind of seafood. In this case ignorance was bliss. For this was not fish, we learned with sudden dismay, nor even good old mealy Artgum. It was baked boa constrictor!

Thus far we had been proud of our performance. Here we were, using weapons with which we hadn't previously fired a familiarization course, waging successful battle against semipros who not only outnumbered us, six-four, but were playing on their own tablecloth. And now what happens? The opposition pulls a squeeze play. They bring in a boa constrictor in complete disregard of whatever sense of fair play they started out with.

"Red" Mann, former two-letter man at Butler University, paced our offensive against the boa. Lou Louft fumbled after three or four bites, swung for the sidelines and emptied both the sauterne and white wine cups in quick, two-fisted fashion. Frost turned white again and said we could substitute him out of the game right now. He wished to rush back to

the barracks, get down on his knees before the Quartermaster and supplicate forgiveness for every time he ever cursed at K ration.

Your scrivener gulped along, marveling meanwhile at what resembled sensation broken-field running on stilts by Messrs. Wang No. 1 and 2 and our friend Mr. Miao.

The score was momentarily knotted, and so were our respective in'ards, but the platter of baked beef and green beans, and twin fish, plus a mammoth bowl of Chinese cabbage soup were downright relishing and we held our own with only one play to go.

This looked easy because it was another stack of chicken. But an unusual thing happened and we just managed to come out even on the deal and score a draw for the night's work.

The unusual development was "Red" Mann's annexation of what the Chinese consider a choice piece of chicken but what he valued for what it was—a baked chicken head, fully equipped down to the leathery beak.

In eons of Time, man has experienced innumerable phenomena, but the expression on Mann's face as he regarded the chicken's head heralded something utterly unutterable. The rest of us Westerners were speechless, too, but only for a moment. Sometimes a situation is so critical it becomes funny.

We broke into a fit of laughter in which we were joined by Mann—stout fella—and the crowd of bystanders. Rather, we thought the Chinese were laughing with us. Actually, they were cheering our fellow chow hound, for Red had seen his duty and was performing it, distasteful though it was in more than one sense.

This was the end, and a moral victory for our side, we felt, thanks to "Red" who batted .1000 for the night, 700 points better than he ever hit for Nashville in the Southern Association.

The end, did I say? A thousand pardons oh sons and daughters of a beneficent uncle. There was yet another operation, and it must be set down here in all fairness to Chinese manners.

At home we have the finger bowl, a tiny cleansing unit compared to its Chinese counterpart. As we of the round table filed from the dining room into a small foyer we were met by a No. 6 or 7 boy, standing beside a small end table filled with vessels of hot water. As our turn came, we received a hot towel for our second birdbath of the evening. After digging the remains of the scrambled egg course, from our ears, we followed custom and gargled vigorously into a tall spittoon conveniently by. Three of us did. Frost, who was first in line, and therefore acting without precedent, drank his. We offered condolences but he waved the sympathy aside. It tasted much better than the octopus egg soup, he declared.

A few minutes later we waddled outside and plumped ourselves into rickshaws.

"She-she-ni. Sigh-gen," we chorused to Mr. Miao who stood on the curb beaming like his highest-powered neon sign. These expressions are phonetically given. They mean: "Thank you. Good-bye."

Our host called after us, "Come back again, please."

Lou Louft turned around in his rickshaw and burped.

Mr. Miao grinned and waved.

END



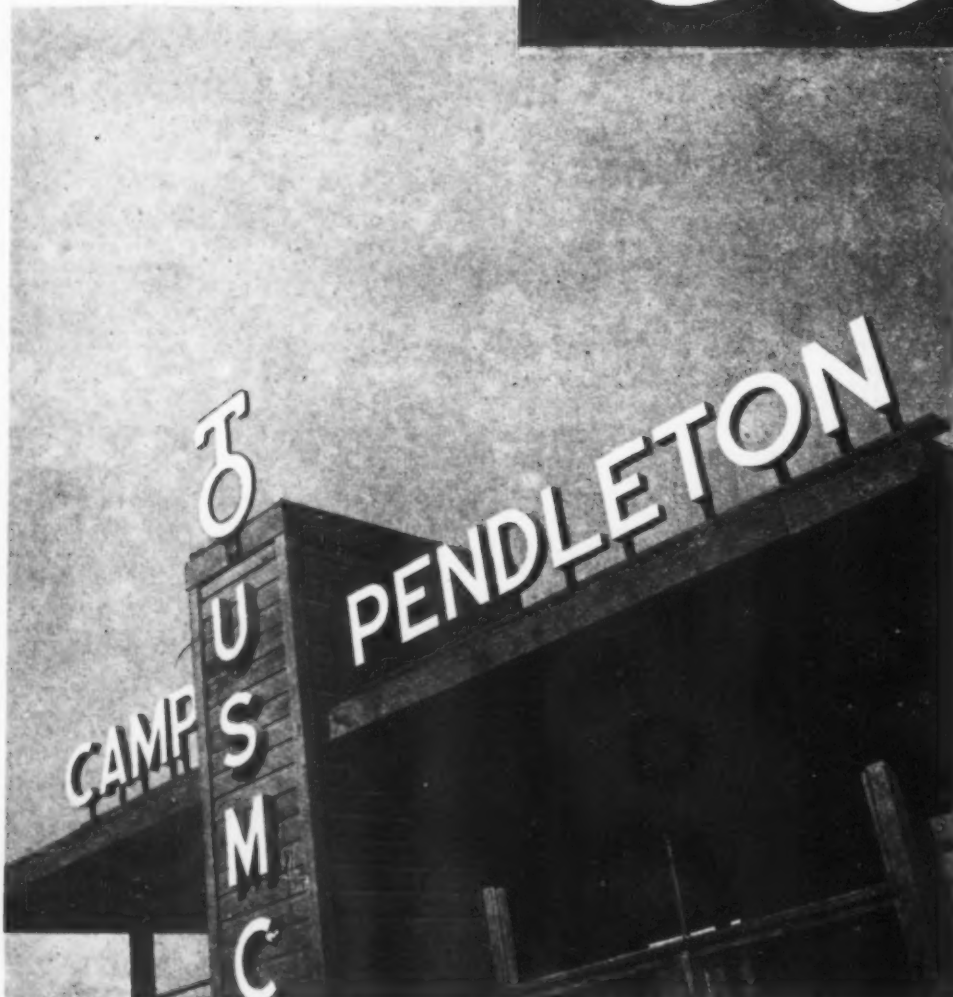
This is the pre-game lineup. They were all buddy-buddy before a call of "chow down." Then they turned to with no holds barred

PENDLETON'S WIDE AREAS



By Sgt. James Atlee Phillips
Leatherneck Staff Writer

COMBA



This is the main entrance to the vast training areas that are collectively called Camp Joseph H. Pendleton, located on the California coast near Oceanside. On top is the Santa Margarita brand

IN THE latter part of the 18th century, a big chunk of Southern California was known as the Ranch of Saint Margaret and The Flowers. This rolling expanse of green-clad hills was ruled by a bearded Spanish grandee named Pio Pico, who was a gentleman of great wealth and hospitality. The last Mexican governor of California, Pio played host with enormous gusto. Guests who chanced by the Ranch of The Flowers were royally fed and wined, and they often engaged in gambling for high stakes. So great a host was Governor Pio Pico that when one of the travelers lost too much, the master of the hacienda would slip into his room and leave a plate full of gold coins.

In September, 1942, the Ranch of Saint Margaret and The Flowers became a major Marine training base, and the pleasant custom of scattering gold through the rooms was discontinued abruptly. Instead, the rugged terrain surrounding the ranch house was covered by troops in training, men deployed with rifles, machine guns, tanks and artillery. The name assigned to the area (126,435 acres) was Camp Joseph H. Pendleton, in honor of a distinguished Marine officer. Since the topography was favorable for every type of tactical maneuver, and even included a boat basin for amphibious training, Camp Pendleton became an invaluable aid in the war against the Japanese.

More than 100,000 Marines received combat toughening and instruction at Pendleton from the time that Franklin Roosevelt dedicated it until the war's end. The Third, Fourth and Fifth Divisions trained either wholly or in part in the shadow of its steep hills, and the weary, sweating men who grew combat-wise over its rigorous courses often longed for the sleepy twang of Spanish guitars. The hour was late, however; there was no time for resting and the hardened, alert troops that poured out of Pendleton helped blaze the now legendary path of the Corps throughout the Pacific.

The area encompassed by Camp Pendleton was rich in history before the Marines arrived. The Portola Expedition passed that way as early as 1769, and Kit Carson visited the section several times. Trail blazer John C. Frémont threaded his way

AS HAVE A COLORFUL HISTORY

AT CAMP

Photos by Sgt. Bob Sandberg
Leatherneck Staff Photographer

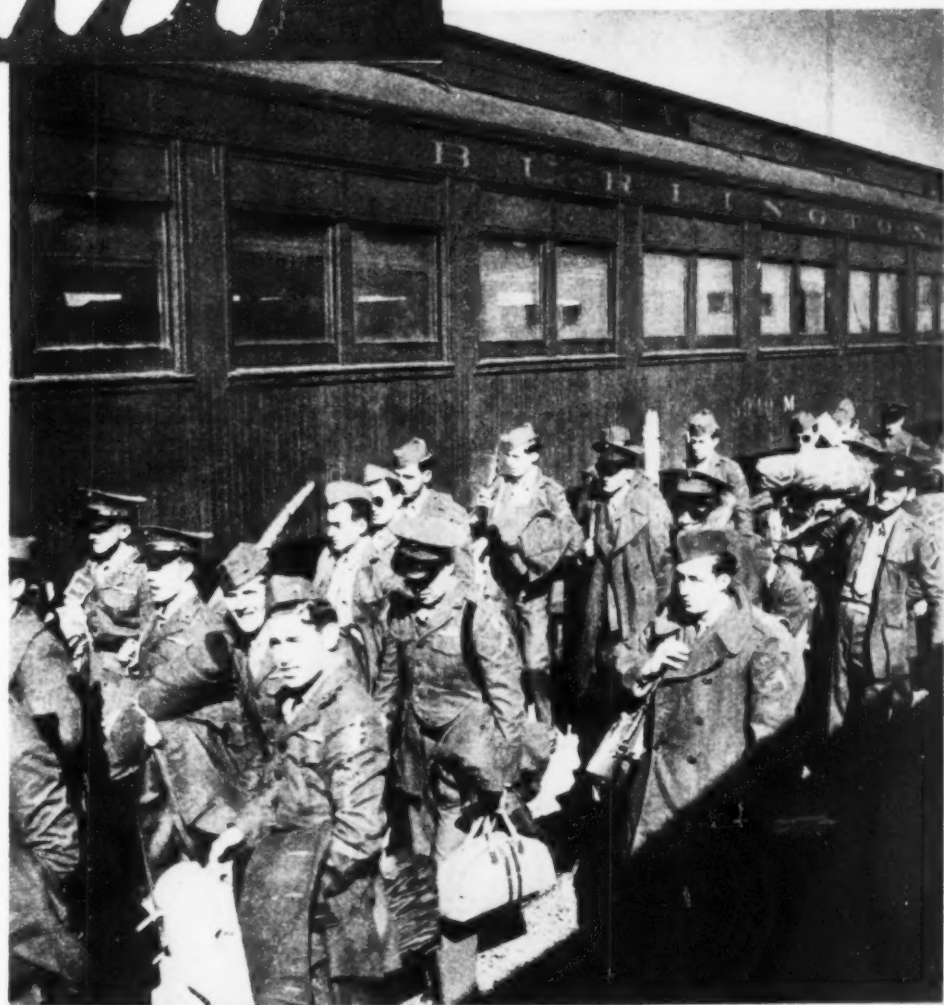
through the wild canyons of the region, and James Flood (enriched by the fabulous Comstock Lode) was once owner of the rancho. In 1847, heraldic of the future, Marine infantry camped on a plain near Las Flores. These troops were moving northward to engage in the battle that was to win the entire region of California for the United States.

The camp was officially dedicated by the late President Franklin Roosevelt on September 25, 1942. After that date, Camp Pendleton, together with Camp Lejeune, channeled the growing power of the Marine Corps into the Pacific War. As fast as Parris Island and San Diego could feed them recruits, these two basic training installations took the men and welded them into fighting units. The result of their work cannot be expressed by statistics or charts. Textbooks of the future will show it more plainly than that, for to a large extent it is the history of our war against the Japanese. The graduates of Pendleton helped write that history with mortars, BARs and rifles.

THE broad and diversified terrain comprising the camp area offers almost every conceivable combat surface. A former camp commanding officer, General (then Lieutenant General) Holland M. Smith, in speaking of Pendleton on one occasion, said he could put troops on its broad expanses against practically any background except "bamboo groves and rice patties." And, he added, even these latter two terrains could be reproduced without too much difficulty and in short order.

When this was written Pendleton was engaged principally in the dual work of acting as a separation center and as the focal point for moving replacement drafts overseas. Into its huge confines came the battle-scarred outfits from the Pacific areas and from China, to be processed and released. During these hectic days actual combat training was slackened greatly. As soon as the "rush" was over, however, all the normal pursuits of the camp were resumed. Once again field range firing and hikes were the order

horse
ood horse



The chief activity at Pendleton has been separation. Here 2000 Marine fighting men surge toward a train for that last military trip. The camp channels overseas warriors into routes home

TURN PAGE 59



The infantry gets in a little flight time. Marines undergoing a part of the combat conditioning program at Pendleton, execute the far-famed

"Up-Slap-Down," a fiendish variation of the ordinary domestic push-up. Some of the rugged boys do two slaps and others land on their faces



Not polite, but highly effective—Marines in training go through club and judo maneuvers which tend to take the opposition's mind off war

Advanced training at

Pendleton is rugged,

but it paid off in the Pacific



Chop the man down! Here the machete is used as a defense against the rifle and bayonet. The long, cutting blades are bared for these drills



A simple twist of the wrist, or he who gets his keister busted—one of the judo instructors (Corporal Loyal Woodruff) spins an unwary opponent

COMBAT CAMP (continued)



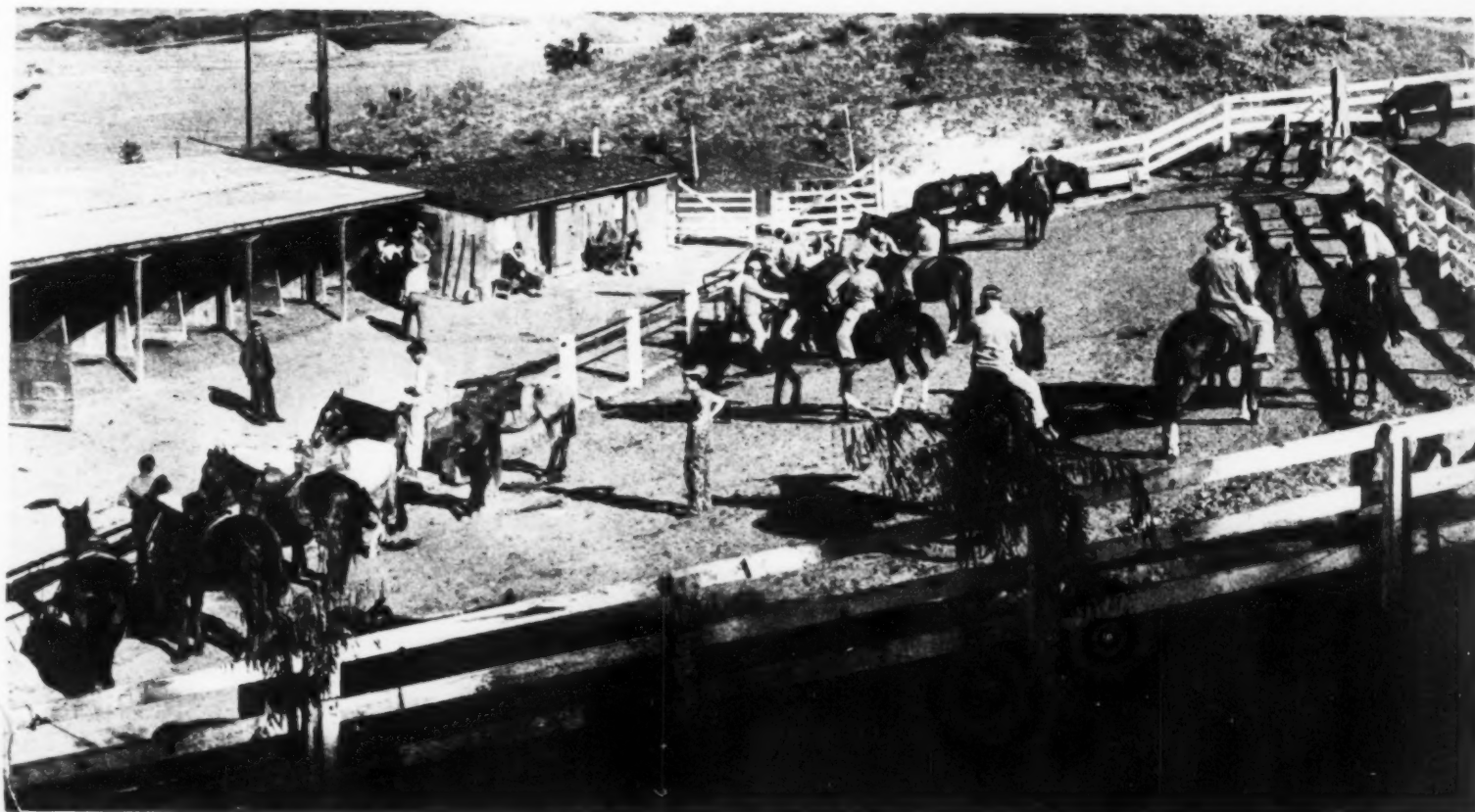
Two privates proceed on a top-secret mission. Censorship conceals the types of weapons used



The Leatherneck cameraman caught a few happy smiles from men downing ice cream in the PX



Make me know it! Corporal Bob Davey, a combat swimming and conditioning instructor, bellows at the poor trainees. Bob was a pro fighter, light to light-heavy, spent 13 years in the ring

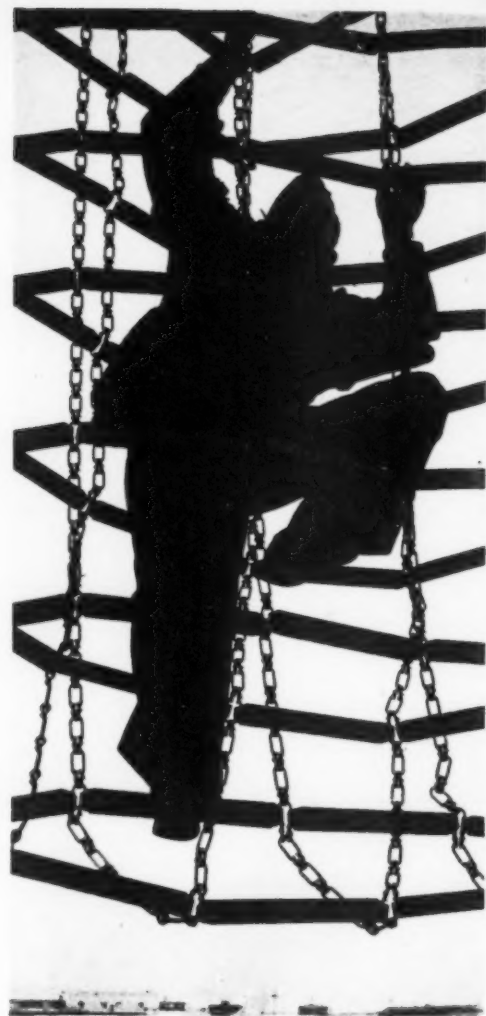


Anybody at Pendleton can be a Horse Marine on his own time. The camp has a large stable, many good horses, and holds several organized

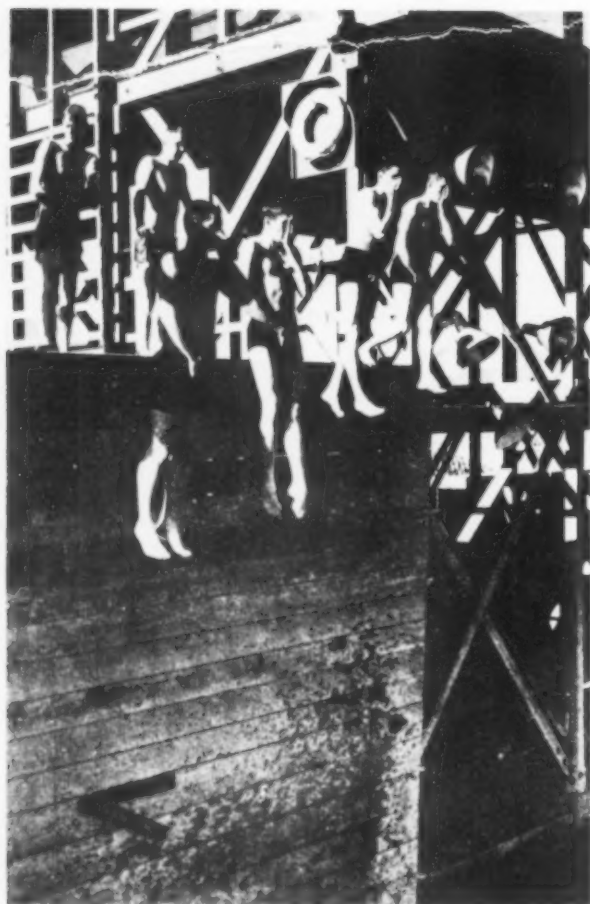
parties every afternoon. The bridle trails over Pendleton's hills are steep, so the parties are guided by qualified Gyrene bronchobusters



Thrust and parry practice like this had a grim value in the Pacific jungles. Such intensive training made the Marine fighter adept at hand-to-hand warfare, saved many American lives



There ain't no elevators on a ship, and coming down the side with full pack is a tricky deal



Men overboard—Marines at Pendleton demonstrate the proper way to abandon ship, using protective methods



Two to one—the rampaging attacker at the left is attempting to keep the opposition in a line. Combat value of this maneuver is that if you don't learn it, you get killed

COMBAT CAMP (continued)



Battles are won by the foot soldier. Here Pendleton's Marines deploy across the bleak terrain in mock battle



Pint-sized destruction—here a rocket-firing jeep gets ready to salvo, using Mark 7 launcher, barrage rockets



Pendleton's four motor pools operate a fleet of more than 1500 vehicles. Types range from jeeps to prime movers



This is one of the hard ways to win, but the Marines had to use it often in the Pacific, a medium Sherman tank equipped with a 50 gallon mechanized flame thrower



Any of these tractors have hydromatic transmission, maneuver with equal ease surf or on the ground, their wide grips plowing over most surfaces

The amphibious tractors simulate beach assault work. Vehicle shown in this photo is the LVT 3 powered by two Cadillac engines (110 horsepower)



The ranch house of Saint Margaret and The Flowers is framed by palms. Pio Pico lived in this fabulous hacienda before the Marine Corps came



Pendleton has an airport located in Area 23. The airstrip and hangar are located across from Area 22, site of the huge new headquarters

Pendleton's ranges are a U.S. bastion

PRESENT plans call for a full division to be stationed at Camp Pendleton during peacetime. This will require a total personnel of nearly 30,000 men, and the installation will therefore be an important unit in an expanded Marine Corps. In these days of uneasy peace, with allies bickering, the boys in green camouflage suits will be busy firing

the most improved weapons over Pendleton's ranges, and skirmishing through its rocky arroyos. The amphibious tractors will still be grinding up the beaches in simulated landings and the flame-throwing tanks will still be belching their deadly streams of napalm. Just in case they have to tell it to the Marines again, Pendleton will be ready.



Pendleton has a big Staff NCO's Club. Men shown in the foreground are wearing camouflage suits, a sign that they are waiting to be separated



The boys aren't going to a movie. They are just about to qualify as civilians. Pendleton re-routes many high-point men, discharges others

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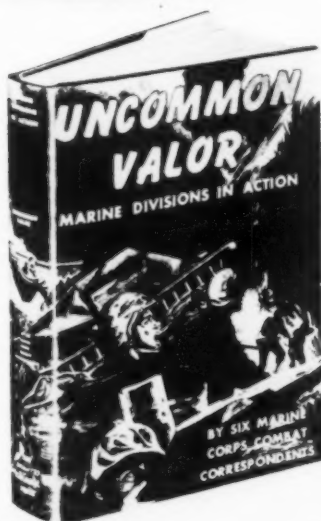
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Six Marine Divisions in Action



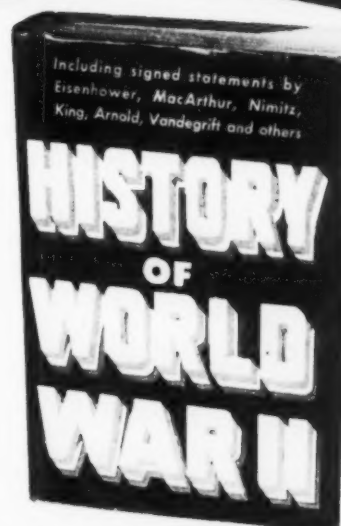
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Dream Honeymoon

The most fabulous honeymoon dreamed up by any frenzied movie writer pales in comparison with the ten days of glamor willed to ex-Marine Corporal and Mrs. William Thompson of Los Angeles, by the nationally popular radio show "Queen for a Day."

The black-eyed bride, former Navy nurse June Stauffer, who aided her future husband's recovery for 17 months at the Treasure Island Naval Hospital, won that program's "June Bride" contest. As grand prize the couple were given a pre-marriage series of parties and as luxurious a bridal trip as ever experienced by the storied Hollywood folk.

After they had been deluged with gifts, and stuffed at numerous lunches and dinners, they were flown to Las Vegas, Nev., where they were married in the Little Church of the West. A week end at the resort as guests of the Last Frontier Hotel followed the ceremony.

Next, the ex-Marine and his bride were whisked by air to Honolulu for a week's stay at the lush Royal Hawaiian Hotel. A continuous round of visits to such exclusive spots as the Moana and the Outrigger Canoe Clubs highlighted this portion of the stay. Included on the bill of fare was a cabana at Waikiki, and the use of a private yacht, limousine, and airplane for transportation anywhere in the islands.

But all good thing must end. Finally Thompson, a veteran of Guadalcanal, Tarawa, and Saipan, returned with his wife to overcrowded Los Angeles to search for a permanent residence.

Unfortunately, "Queen for a Day" was more proficient in entertainment than in real estate and could be of no further service. The Thompsons, like thousands of similar couples with less glamorous honeymoons, faced a tough time finding a place to call home.

Melbourne Romance

It took Radford Rigoli, a former member of the 1st Engineer Battalion, a long time to realize his greatest ambition.

Rigoli, a cook, served on Guadalcanal with the First Division and was transferred to Melbourne for that relaxing Australian duty through most of '43. While serving "Down Under," the Marine met and wooed a Melbourne girl. When his outfit shipped north for the Goodenough Island-New Guinea area, Rigoli went with it. Then followed several years of separation while his outfit went through the Cape Gloucester campaign and subsequent engagements, and finally Rigoli found himself back in the States on rotation.

When the war ended Rigoli went back to his home in a suburb of Washington but memories were too strong. He joined the merchant marine on the Pacific Coast and was lucky enough to get on a ship headed for the Australian city.

And, just as in the story books, she was waiting for him. Several days later they were married. This, however, was not the end of the trail for the ex-Marine.

Mrs. Rigoli was not permitted to return with him aboard his ship. Recently the necessary papers reached the Australian authorities and the happy bride was permitted to leave for this country and her husband. The Rigolis are living in Washington.

LaFollette's Marine Conqueror

This month may see the realization of a dream experienced by ex-Marine Joseph R. McCarthy over two years ago on bloody Bougainville. For McCarthy, at that time, set his sights on the U. S. Senate. To publicize his ambition and to keep it fresh in his mind, he found a piece of board and wrote on it: "McCarthy for U. S. Senator." This sign he placed in front of his tent.

August saw McCarthy, who had been a Wisconsin Circuit Court judge before entering the Corps, speed over his first and highest hurdle. He won the Republican senatorial nomination from no less an adversary than Senate incumbent Robert M. LaFollette, Jr., son of the famed "Fighting Bob" of World War I days.

A grandson of Irish immigrants, McCarthy worked his way through law school and his appointment, at 29, to the Circuit Court established a Wisconsin precedent. While in the Solomons he became one of the most popular and respected non-flying officers by repeatedly volunteering for and flying dangerous missions in the tail gunner's spot. His jovial good humor and devotion to duty made him a sure thing for the votes of the men who knew him overseas.

In campaigning for the nomination, he shrewdly directed his best arguments at the conservative farmer. The unpopular Washington bureaucracy and his opponent's frequent long absences from the home reservation, sped him along. Tirelessly the "Judge," as he was often called overseas, stumped across the state in khaki shirts, determined to shake every hand in Wisconsin if necessary. He almost did. When Milwaukee, famed for beer and good will, went to him by 10,000 votes, the fight was practically won. In 1940 Bob, Jr., had carried this onetime LaFollette bulwark by 55,000 votes.

No one could say that McCarthy was "in," for he still faced the contest with labor-backed Democratic candidate McNarney, early this month. But many Marines were pulling for the Judge and his "foxhole dream."

Rehabilitation Trouble

At least one ex-Marine is having difficulty being reconverted to civilian life. The confines of Stamford, Connecticut, apparently are causing more frustration and discomfort to former PFC McSnort of Marine Scout Bombing Squadron 231 than the caves and all the other discomforts of the Marshalls, where the veteran fought for four months. In a recent letter to the

Veterans Administration he told of all his troubles. "My war experience interrupted my schooling at a crucial point. Out on Majuro the inside of the caves where we lived was almost like the outside, and it was not necessary to differentiate between them. Now I am two years old and I continue to offend by not being housebroken."

The letter was signed with a paw print. Ex-PFC McSnort, a Scotch terrier, was patiently waiting in the home of his master, C. A. Alexander for counsel.

Guam Police Honored

Fifteen Bronze Star Medals and one Silver Star were awarded by the Secretary of the Navy to members of Guam's Local Security Patrol Force for conducting combat patrols against Japs who remained after the main force had been cleared out.

The 16 men, led by Staff Sergeant Juan U. Aguon, a Silver Star winner, had a count of 117 Japs killed, 20 probables, and five prisoners.

General Erskine Still Fighting

Major General Graves B. Erskine, former Commanding General of the Third Division, is pulling no punches in his new job as Director of Retraining and Re-employment for the Department of Labor.

The general is now crusading against the quality of jobs being offered to veterans. He says the job market asks the vet "to drop five years down the rungs of the economic ladder" by asking him to accept "leftovers" of the unskilled labor market.

"I have no patience," Gen. Erskine said, "with those critics who constantly condemn veterans for accepting readjustment allowance. Often they tell only half the story. For instance, they point out the fact that there were 500,000 unfilled job openings on file in mid-April at USES offices. Checking into this, we found that most of these openings were in the unskilled, semiskilled or service occupations.

"Most of the jobs," he continued, "were in the lower paid positions. One fourth of them paid less than 65¢ an hour.

"Our veterans should not be forced to take the leftovers of the labor market. Their military experience has improved them physically and mentally. They came out of the armed forces better men than they went into it. We must seek to provide opportunities for jobs in which they can make use of their war-acquired experiences, education and qualities of initiative, discipline and leadership."

Top Marine Squadrons

From Guadalcanal to Okinawa, Marine air squadrons waged a bitter and relentless war against the enemy. The final count shows that VMF 121 shot down more Jap planes than any other squadron. It amassed the remarkable total of 209 downed enemy planes. VMF 221 was close behind with 185 planes to its credit. Next came VMF 215 with 135, and VMFs 212 and 223, each with 132. Fighter Squadron 214 downed 126 to place sixth, and VMF 323 is credited with 124. VMF 224 knocked down 119 Japs, and VMFs 124 and 311 downed 78 and 71 enemy planes respectively.

All Marine squadrons had a total score of 2383 and 1/3 enemy planes destroyed in the air. This includes the eight shot down on Wake and the 226 enemy aircraft downed by Marines flying from carriers.

House Salutes Corps

Platitude on platitude were heaped on the Marine Corps by the Appropriations Committee of the House of Representatives in a report submitted to the House recently. In discussing the budget it stated, in part:

"The immortal deeds of the Marine Corps during the past war have served to implant further in the minds of the American people an abiding respect and admiration for this comparatively small, but exceedingly progressive, virile, and effective armed unit. The Marine Corps, possessed of men of vision in policy-making positions, has always pointed the way in methods and procedures of amphibious warfare. This discipline of the Corps has been exemplary. It is significant to note that complaints of a "caste" system have been notoriously lacking as regards the operation of the Marine Corps. Morale of the Corps has been exemplary. . . . This committee is convinced that the American citizenry would never look with favor upon any move designated to bring about any loss or impairment of identity of this highly proficient and expertly trained arm of our national security."

Invention Boomerangs

The shortage of stove pipe and chimneys in North China after the war's end certainly tested the ingenuity of the occupation Marines. Three members of the Seventh Service Regiment in Tientsin found the solution of the problem of how to rid their barracks of smoke in an old Pacific all-purpose standby: oil drums. The Marines knocked out the tops and bottoms of several drums and welded them together.

However, their cleverness boomeranged. Everyone else was enthused about the new pipes, too, and the

inventors are flood under with "favor orders." One of the requests is for a 60-footer! The Marines are Privates First Class Jack L. Williams of Cherryville, Kans., Thomas Siano, of Hoboken, N. J. and William Gambone, of Pittsburgh, Pa.

Holland Smith Retires

After 40 years of Marine Corps service, Holland M. Smith, "father of modern amphibious warfare," has been retired with the rank of full general. He is the third Marine to attain this rank.

Scores of officers and men who served under the general at Tarawa, Saipan and Iwo Jima heard the retirement orders read and watched the fourth star being pinned on by Lieutenant General Harry Schmidt in a ceremony at Camp Pendleton.

The 64-year-old Alabamian was largely responsible for the training of all the Marine divisions as well as a number of the army units that engaged in the Pacific War.

The general was commissioned second lieutenant in the Marine Corps in 1905. For the next 12 years he spent most of his time in the Philippines, China, and aboard the USS *Galveston*. In the first World War he was adjutant of the Fourth Marine Brigade. In 1939, he took command of the First Marine Brigade and later the First Marine Division. In August 1944, he was appointed commanding general of the FMF-PAC and was overall commander of the Gilberts, Marshalls, Marianas and Iwo Jima campaigns.

One of the most colorful officers ever to wear a Marine uniform, General Smith was best known as "Howlin' Mad" Smith.

USO Drive On

The United Services Organization (USO), which accomplished such wonders during the war, will continue for another year. Recently released letters from the Commandant, Secretary of the Navy Forrestal and Admiral of the Fleet Nimitz to the USO's head, urged continuation of the organization and exhorted Americans to support the current drive for funds.

The Commandant's letter mentioned the many recreations and services afforded battle-weary Marines during the war and said:

"On behalf of the 100,000 men of the Marine Corps, I wish to urge that USO be sustained through these first years of peace."

Deep Six

As a direct result of the new terminal leave legislation, 300 women reserves were retained in the Corps, at their own request, for a period of not more than 10 months. One hundred of these drew the monumental task of computing the terminal leave due each Marine. The remaining 200 have special skills which will be utilized at Headquarters.

Latest organization to don Marine uniforms is the Massachusetts State Forestry Department. The uniforms, intended originally for use by Marine Corps fliers, will now be worn by rangers, supervisors and all employees of the department.

Moscow, as songs go, is quite a bit behind the times. A recent hit in the Soviet capital was "Chattanooga Choo Choo." Strangest of all, though, as songs go, is the importation by the Russians of the "Marine Corps Hymn." The Russians sing this, according to a national news magazine, to the tune of "Clementine." In commenting on this, the magazine stated this "might give the Russians a dangerously erroneous idea of the Leather-necks."

Brigadier General Christian Frank Schilt has been selected as Commander, Marine Air Reserve Training. The command includes all air detachments and Organized Reserve Squadrons with headquarters at the Naval Air Station, Glenview, Ill.

Three China Marines currently are receiving the congratulations of their buddies for accomplishing the seeming impossible. The three, Sergeant Anderson Cole, Dallas, Tex., Corporal Ernest R. Hoke, Wing, Ill., and PFC N. G. Folebach, Erie, Pa., converted a pile of junk into what looked like a jeep. The surprising thing about this, according to buddies, is that the contraption works. Its creators claim it will do 25 miles per hour and get 100 miles on a gallon of gasoline.

A second Gold Star in lieu of a third Legion of Merit has been awarded to Major General Louis E. Woods for "exceptionally meritorious service while commanding a tactical air force during the Okinawa operation from June 11, 1945 to June 30, 1945." General Woods served in China as Commanding officer of the Fourth Marine Air Wing after the cessation of hostilities. He was relieved from that post in July of this year and served for a short time at Marine Corps Headquarters with the Division of Aviation. Recently detached from Headquarters, the general now commands Marine Air West.

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Gun Crew Gridder

Husky ex-Marine Lieut. Jacques Jenkins, who saw action aboard the Aircraft Carrier *Hornet* as a captain of a Marine anti-aircraft gun crew, returned to the professional football scene with the Washington Redskins this past season.

The six feet, one inch, 215 lb. fullback played in only one game for the Redskins in 1942, and then enlisted in the Corps. During his college days at Vanderbilt he had won All Southeastern honors at the fullback slot, and seen by "Skins" scouts, he was quickly signed.

A Beautiful First

Not long ago in Tientsin, China, five U. S. Navy nurses reported for duty with the First Marine Division field hospital, thereby setting something of a precedent. It was the first peacetime assignment of Navy nurses to a Marine field hospital in the history of the Corps.

However, nobody seemed to mind the innovation. Navy Captain Eugene V. Jobe, Division Surgeon, summed up the opinion of China hands.

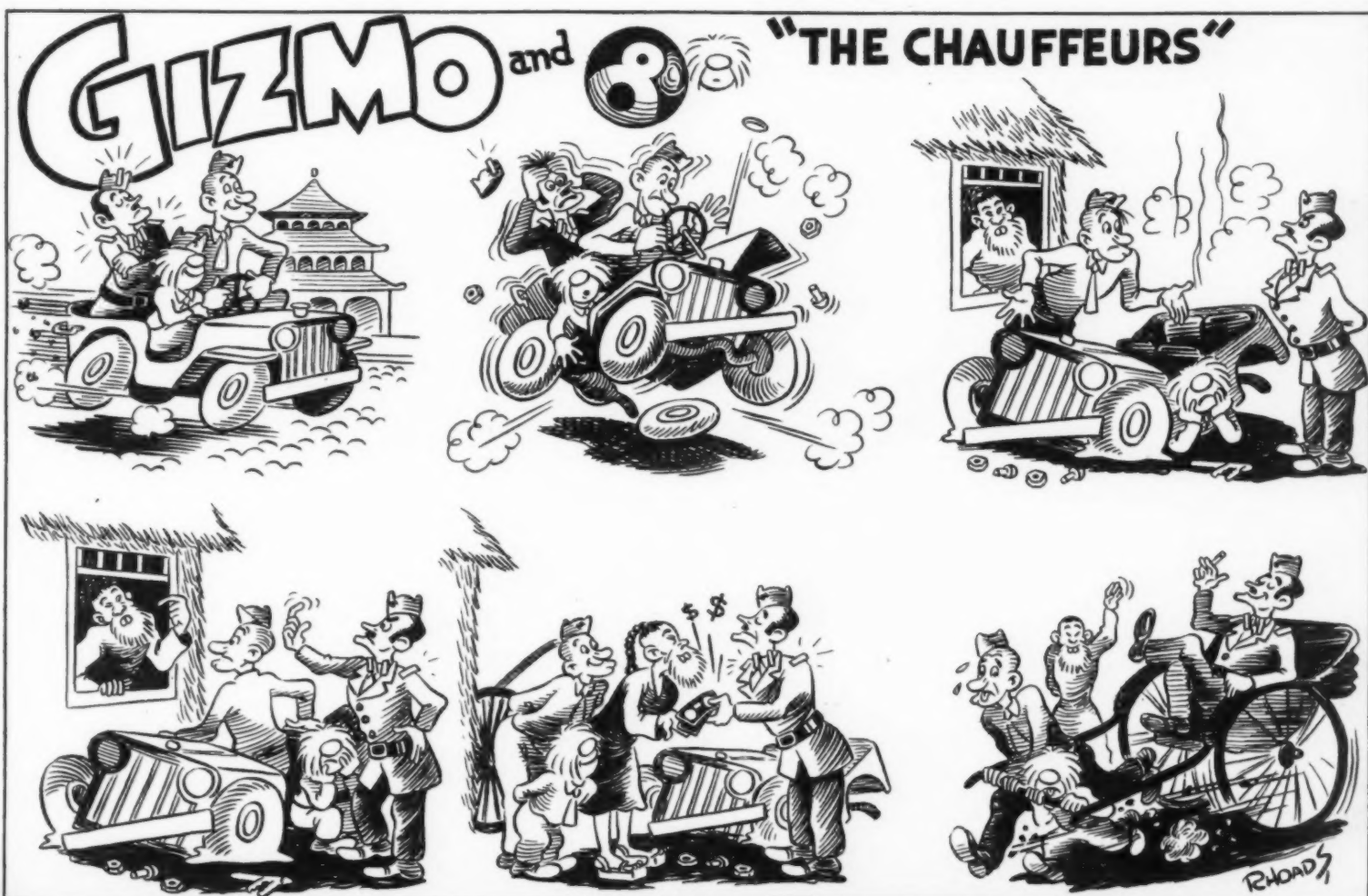
"There is just no substitute for competent nursing in a hospital," he said.

Free Wheeling

Grinning from ear to ear, Dick Tenelly, former Marine Corps combat correspondent who was hit on Iwo Jima, stepped into his 1946 Olds and drove off. He'd had great luck, for just two weeks before he'd sent in his application for the car. The paint job was hardly dry when it arrived. He was sitting pretty. He didn't even have to pay for it.

With his left trousers leg securely pinned up, he drove as surely as he had before the war. The automobile

TURN PAGE





Marine Sergeant Major F. Percival greeted by wife and baby on his return from Japan

carried the latest thing in driving aids for the battle crippled. It came to him under new national legislation, through which 10,000 similarly afflicted veterans will be provided automobiles without any cost to themselves.

W. L. Krebs, the dealer who obtained the car, had something to say.

"Dick's request came in only a couple of weeks ago. I got 150 applications for new cars, but I shoved his name right to the top of the list. This is one case where nobody better do any squawking."

For once, nobody did.



Eddie the Fire-Eater

At Camp Lejeune, Corporal Eddie Baker was considered to be quite a character. In fact, he was just about the best known Marine in the Signal Battalion. His feats of magic and fast line of funny gags had often entertained his buddies for hours at a time. He had appeared at the camp theater, and at various dinners and luncheons, as the sole, but sufficient entertainer. All his life, he had lived in an atmosphere of the stage, and had built up quite a stock of jokes and sleight of hand. But his crowning glory, and burning passion, was fire-eating. Eddie could gobble fire like beer, and he never seemed to get enough of the stuff.

Having been born under the big top, and lived most of his life in an atmosphere of show life, a natural supposition would be that he'd want to return to it after his discharge. But Eddie—Eddie, the unusual—has other ideas.

He wants to be a trolley car motorman. More specifically, a motorman in Philadelphia.

But Eddie has no idea of ending his fire-eating. "It'll have to take a back seat while I'm motoring, though," he admits. "Guess I'll just settle for matches and other small fire articles."

Man-Killer Used on Insects

A war machine that had proved its worth as a man-killer during many a Pacific Island battle, was turned, to good effect, against pestiferous locusts in China recently.

When the locust situation got out of hand in one section of the sprawling republic and assumed the proportions of a plague, Marine Lieutenant Colonel William K. Enright suggested that the Marines' flame throwers be used. After a meeting between the Marine officer and one of the heads of the Chinese National



Aboard the transport *General Breckenridge*, Marine Private Charles E. Rucker recovers from an operation which removed an unusual swelling in his throat. Navy Nurse Lois Miller stands by

Agricultural Bureau, it was decided to make some tests.

Eleven flame throwers, manned by men from the 1st Battalion, First Marines, performed the test which was adjudged very satisfactory. Millions of the pests were killed outright and countless others rendered useless by reason of singed and seared wings. The Chinese had used kerosene as their killing agent previously.

Chinese Top Marine Team

Trackmen representing the Chinese city of Tsingtao eked out a 90 to 81 victory over a Fourth Regiment team in the city's municipal stadium recently.

Little trouble was experienced by the Marines in whipping the Chinese in the shorter sprint distances but when it came to the longer races the tables were turned—with a vengeance. In the final event, the 10,000 meter run, the Chinese took the first three places!

Top scorer for the losers was PFC Larry A. Conner of Chester, Pa. He scored firsts in the 110 meter high hurdles and in the 400 meter hurdles events and a third in the running broad jump. A Chinese exceeded this feat by winning the 1500 and the 10,000 meter runs and garnering a second in the 800 meter event.

Iwo in the News

As if the combination of naval shell-fire and Marine mortars and rifles, not to mention the several bombs that were dropped on it, weren't enough to put the fix on tiny Iwo Jima, the elements decided to take a hand as well.

Recently a typhoon, with winds exceeding 100 miles an hour, struck the much-harassed isle and knocked out practically all its power and communications facilities. A majority of the buildings on the island were leveled. Fortunately for the Americans based there, however, the similarity of this storm to the big blow of February 19, 1945, ended there. No one was killed.

Only troops on the now-famous battlefield island are troops of the Army's Twentieth Air Force. Following the blow they, with the assistance of other soldiers flown over from Saipan, went to work cleaning up the debris.

Marine Rescues Hughes

When Howard Hughes spread his radically-designed photographic plane over a California landscape several months ago, the first man to reach him was Master Technical Sergeant William T. Durkin, an El Toro Marine.

Durkin is an old hand with burning planes. He has been decorated for extinguishing the flames on a plane

loaded with a 1000 pound bomb on Guadalcanal.

The crash took place near where Durkin was visiting and it took him only a matter of a few minutes to reach the scene. Realizing the danger to the pilot of the burning plane, Durkin immediately dashed in and hauled the injured flier out and away from the wreckage.

Durkin, 30, enlisted in December 1936. He saw overseas duty from Guadalcanal to Okinawa and spent some time with the occupation forces in Japan.

Aid Stricken Marine

A Marine, stricken with infantile paralysis in Tientsin, probably was saved from death recently when a Curtiss Commando plane, flown by a Marine crew and carrying a portable respirator, made a hazardous after dark landing on the city's narrow runway. The respirator was rushed to the hospital and was immediately pressed into service to relieve the labored breathing of the ailing Marine.

When it was learned the Marine's ailment was the dread paralysis, the respirator, originally on a hospital ship, was taken to Tsingtao and thence flown the remaining 200-odd miles to Tientsin.

Some five hours after the respirator arrived the Marine safely passed the crisis and was on the road to partial or complete recovery.

Boot Hero

Kids the world over spent a lot of time during the war thinking and dreaming about what heroes they could be if given the chance. Many grew up and were given the chance and became heroes. A few, however, became heroes before they were of fighting age.

Hendrick Dines Goa is one of the exceptions. Goa, who only recently began his boot training at San Diego, was a hero long before he reached what is supposed to be the fighting age.

Born in Norway, Goa was a member of the "kids' underground" in his native land. This organization was a continuous thorn in the side of the German army of occupation. Goa eventually escaped from Norway and joined our Merchant Marine. On his first visit to Los Angeles, he enlisted in the Corps. He is 18.

Goa was in Haugesand, Norway, with his mother, when the country was overrun by the Nazis. In the "kids' underground" he and his comrades made frequent contributions to the resistance movement. So cleverly did they operate that not once were they apprehended by the invaders.

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